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No. 23.—Vol. II. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, May 11, 1904 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.]

Photo by *Lallie Charles*

Lady Constance Richardson

Née Lady Constance Mackenzie, who Recently Married Captain Sir Edwin Austin Stewart-Richardson, Black Watch

No. 23.—Vol. II.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

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BYSTANDER'S NOTES

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

May 11, 1904

I have received the following interesting letter from a reader:

DEAR BYSTANDER,

Lately I was at Stratford-on-Avon, a mere "by-stander," during the Shakespeare celebrations. As an American, perhaps you will allow me to tell you how disappointed, nay, disgusted, I was with all I saw. Everything there is a sham, from Anne Hathaway's cottage down to the Shakespeare relics. Surely it is the duty of some English paper to show up the charlatanry and humbug that takes place, and, though it is late in the day, to give the credit of the wonderful plays and poems to the genius who really wrote them. Perhaps you will make some remarks on the subject, as none of your contemporaries seem to have the courage to do so, though I cannot believe they can all genuinely believe in Shakespeare.

AN AMERICAN CITIZENESS.

Flattered as I am at the confidence which my fair correspondent evidently reposes in me, she has perhaps unwittingly, asked me to martyr myself. To cast any reflections on the name of William Shakespeare as the author of the immortal plays will bring down upon my head the avenging wrath of Mr. Sidney Lee, who in his life of Shakespeare dismissed the preposterous claims of the Baconians with a contemptuous note in the appendix; the idea being, in this expert's opinion, that to attempt to deal seriously with them would do too much honour to the heretics. Then there is Miss Marie Corelli, living as near to Shakespeare's tomb as she can, who will rend me body and soul. Why, my dear madam, I stand appalled at the enormity of the task you invite me to undertake. For, somehow, admirers of the Plays seem to imagine that unless they were written by William Shakespeare, the actor, they would lose their flavour.

As an outsider whose equipment for entering the lists (as the champion of my fair American citizeness) against such mental giants as Mr. Lee, Miss Corelli and similar kindred spirits is of the most meagre description, may I be allowed to ask a question? In all humbleness and in a duly contrite spirit, of course.

It is this: Why should not the question of the authorship be conducted with a sincere desire to arrive at the truth? At present the believer in Shakespeare (the playwright) cannot curb his ineffable disgust for the contemptible biped who dares to favour Bacon. Yet those whose judgment is not warped will admit that there is a strong *primâ facie* case against William Shakespeare, while the arguments against Bacon seem to lack some force.

Of course it is possible that Shakespeare may have been an illiterate loafer and wife-deserter, and yet have written the Plays which display a nobility of thought never yet equalled, but undoubtedly the idea in these sceptical times is something of a tax on one's mental capacity. But the Plays do not only show nobility of thought, they are clearly the work of a very ripe scholar. His acquaintance with the classics of Greece and Rome was wonderful, while modern languages and foreign customs were at his finger ends. Genius can account for much, but it cannot give anyone an inside knowledge of the classics without study, and to suggest that the writer of the Plays had but a superficial acquaintance with the classics is utterly—ahem!—absurd. Whatever Shakespeare may not have been, no one can ever read the Plays and doubt that the writer was not only a very learned man of catholic tastes, but one who had travelled, had seen men and manners, and was as much at home depicting a scene among kings and princes as he was in a court of law.

Yet what do we find in William Shakespeare? He was never honoured in his day, except by Ben Jonson, whose laudatory verse might well be satirical, especially seeing that he was secretary to Bacon and interested in keeping the personality of his master's work a secret. We find that Shakespeare wrote his name in the most illiterate manner, quite innocent of how to spell it properly. There were no stenographers in those days, so is it not rather curious that the genius who could imbibe so much book-learning, and who wrote ream after ream of verse, could not indite his own name, except with obvious effort?

I have already outrun my space, so the countermerits of Bacon cannot be alluded to. There are many and good reasons why, if he wrote the plays, he should desire to preserve his anonymity. But the only serious argument the opponents of Bacon have ever produced is that the specimens of verse which Bacon owned to are so poor as ever to preclude him from being seriously considered. It seems to my poor understanding a weak argument. If Bacon wrote the Plays anonymously, he was wily enough not to give any clues, and it is possible the poems were written with the intention of deceiving inquisitive persons. Undoubtedly Shakespeare has brought much prosperity to Stratford-on-Avon, but after all the citizens of St. Albans are equally good patriots and it is about time the right king was crowned. Well . . . . I trust my fair American citizeness will be satisfied, for I am now to be delivered into the hands of the Philistines: and there will be dark doings.

The Bystander in Parliament

The different members who called attention the other day to the defects in the ventilation of the House touched on a matter of supreme importance to our Parliamentary institutions. It is a well-known fact that stagnation of air is one of the most fruitful sources of DRY ROT. Now, any man who has paid close attention to the proceedings of Parliament must be conscious of the fact that the ravages of dry rot are much more extensive than is suspected by the happy and careless man in the street. There are occasions when a whole debate may be dismissed as all rot—and of a very dry nature as well. It follows, therefore, that members would do well if instead of trying to ventilate grievances they were to ventilate themselves, and their surroundings.

When the hon. gentlemen begin to discuss their own comforts and discomforts in the House, one is reminded of an ordinary club meeting. At any club the first duty of a member is to curse the committee, and so in the House all members denounce the First Commissioner of Works or his representative. There are the occasions when members are in deadly earnest, and when you may see all ordinary party differences swept away. It is a memorable experience to hear Mr. Wm. Redmond passionately demanding more room for smoking, and to see the hated tyrannical Saxon cheering on the turbulent Celt.

The telephone rooms also leave much to be desired. One member said he had heard grey-haired statesmen cursing in a manner that might be excusable at a golf match, but which was most demoralising to new members, and to the young persons in charge of the instruments. The rules of debate hindered the worthy member from submitting specimens of this extra-Parliamentary language, and his good feeling made him refrain from mentioning names. But what disastrous results might ensue if, in the midst of a tornado of cursing, a member were suddenly put through to some valued constituent, who had come up for the May meetings, and wished the hon. gentleman to take the chair at one of them! Members are, however, secure from such a disaster, as they never get through.

I heard many tender references to the ladies and their gallery during the same debate. It was urged that something called an "annunciator"—or a machine to display the name of the man addressing the House—should be fixed in the Gallery. I wonder if the ladies want to know! It seems to me that while different ladies are interested in various men, each lady knows perfectly well when the man in whom she is interested is speaking. At the same time, I am all in favour of each member bearing on his back and his chest (like a sandwich man) a large card, giving his name, his party, his constituency, and his majority at the last election.

Mr. F. W. Wilson, the member for Mid-Norfolk, who is a bit of a sportsman, denounced the atmosphere of the kitchen, and he said that a member of the Government, who was in the kitchen not long ago and found that there was no means of ventilation, broke all the windows! Mr. Wilson declined to give the name of this window-smashing Minister—but what I should like to know is this, what was the right hon. gentleman doing in the kitchen? And how does Mr. F. W. Wilson come to know so much about that particular place? I think he should be made to appear at the bar of the House, with the cook, and give a full explanation. And, in any case, his constituents should invite him to tell them all about it. Of course, Colonel Lockwood, the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee, commonly called "Uncle Mark," protested against any aspersion being thrown on his sphere of influence. He declared that the atmosphere of the kitchen was "nice, though warm." It is said that those words accurately convey the opinion held in the kitchen about the gallant Colonel himself—and I am sure he would be ready to appear at the bar, hand in hand with the cook, and offer the most complete and satisfactory assurances to the house.

The members have begun to show a praiseworthy interest in the welfare and the comfort of the Press. One member, Mr. Wylie, expressed the humane hope that before long "the reporters may be in as sanitary a condition as ourselves." The murmured answer of an unregenerate Press-man was "let's soap so." One good friend of the Press—Sir Walter Foster—unconsciously gave some ground for a worthy body of men being suspected without cause, for he alluded to "a room behind the reporter's bar known as the black and white room." Now "Black and White" are words which have become generally associated in the popular mind with a certain brand of whiskey!

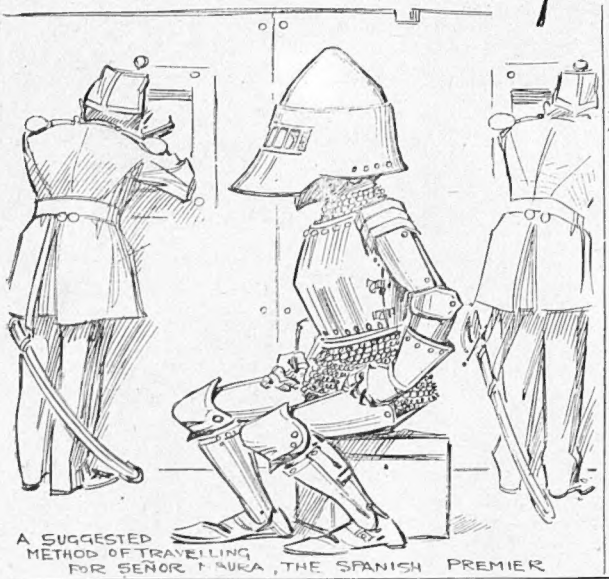
Let me therefore explain that the room is known not as the Black and White Room, but as the Black Room. I am in it at this moment. What a scene of peaceful industry! Each gentleman would make a fitting subject for a picture of the Industrious Apprentice. Scarcely a sound breaks the silence, save the hurried scratching of the cheap and nasty quills provided by an incapable administration. Ever and anon a man will pass his hand over his massive brow, as if seeking inspiration, and then, with renewed vigour, he will again dab down "thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

I do not wish to appear too eulogistic of my own sphere of influence, but really the energy and intelligence shown upstairs in this private part of the Palace contrast most effectively with the methods of members in general and of the Government in particular. The Press-man at Westminster resembles the true Christian in this world—for he is in the House, but not of it. He looks down upon its proceedings from a more elevated plane and from a serener atmosphere. And, sitting just below the Ladies' Gallery, he can claim to be only a little lower than the angels.

S. L. H.

The Topictator

"SEÑOR MAURA WAS AGAIN ATTACKED" DAILY PAPER.



A SUGGESTED METHOD OF TRAVELLING FOR SEÑOR MAURA, THE SPANISH PREMIER

A PARISIAN PARROT HAS BEEN THE MEANS OF THE ARREST OF A NOTORIOUS BURGLAR. GREETING EVERYONE WITH "HULLO, BIG FEET!" HE ROUSED THE SUSPICION OF THE POLICE AND A BURGLAR REJOICING IN THAT NICKNAME WAS ARRESTED.

(ROBERT "BE'OPES THERE WONT BE NONE O' THEM GAMES IN LONDON")

"FOREIGN TUTELAGE AND INTERFERENCE! RUSSIA WILL HAVE NONE OF IT. SHE DID NOT PREVENT PRUSSIA FROM TAKING PARIS OR ENGLAND FROM SIEZING THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLICS." "SVET" ST. PETERSBURG

THE BEAR (BETWEEN GASPS)
"DON'T—EITHER OF—YOU—DARE TO—STOP ME—FROM—SMASHING—THIS IMPUDENT—UPSTART—! (BUMP!)

THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

THE NEW RULES TO DEAL WITH THE PARK PESTS GIVE PARK-KEEPERS POWER TO REMOVE—AMONG OTHERS—ALL IDLE PERSONS.

A WRITER IN THE "CORNHILL" MAINTAINS THAT ON AESTHETIC AS WELL AS HYGIENIC GROUNDS THE FACE SHOULD BE CLEANSHAVEN. HE SUSPECTS ALL BEARDED MEN OF ROGUERY AND HOMICIDE.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, I APPEAL TO YOU AS ENLIGHTENED MEN OF THE WORLD. DOES THE PRISONER LOOK LIKE A CRIMINAL?"

AN OLD JOKE ON COUNSEL WHICH IS IN DANGER OF LOSING ITS POINT.

F.G.

Lord and Lady Suffield

A golden wedding is an event interesting from its rarity; it is only occasionally one finds a husband and wife who have spent fifty years of their earthly pilgrimage together, yet such has been the lot of Lord and Lady Suffield, who celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage last Wednesday. A most popular man is Lord Suffield, debonair, thoroughly genial, with charming and courtly manners. He is a universal favourite, and was accounted, in his youth, the handsomest man in England. He is Master of the Robes to the King. The Harbord family, indeed, have been born and bred, one might say, in an atmosphere of palaces, nearly all of them having held, at some time or other, appointments in connection with different members of the Royal Family. Mrs. Sullivan, formerly the Hon. Judith Harbord, and a daughter of Lord and Lady Suffield, was a maid of honour to Queen Victoria, and Lady Musgrave, another daughter, is perhaps Princess Victoria's greatest friend, and lately has acted as her personal attendant. Lady Suffield is a sister of Lord Cromer; she is fond of country life, and is devoted to Gunton Park, her lovely Norfolk home, where she and Lord Suffield spend a great deal of their time. In connection with this estate, the latter has one curious right which entitles him to everything washed up by the sea on a certain portion of the Norfolk coast. This is not a very reliable source of revenue, as a year or two ago it only brought him in the large sum of threepence. Lord Suffield is a keen rider to hounds, and has filled the post of Master of the Buckhounds.

Photo by *Langfier*

Miss Ethel Barrymore

The charming American actress who will shortly make her reappearance in England at Wyndham's Theatre, in *Cynthia*, the new play by Hubert Henry Davies

Photo by *Langfier*

Lady Suffield, who Celebrated Her Golden Wedding on May 4

Lady Suffield is a sister of Lord Cromer

Lord and Lady Curzon

Monday, May 16, will see the meeting of Lord and Lady Curzon, when the former will be introduced to his tiny daughter. How Lord Curzon obtained the title he bears is interesting. When it was first offered, he declined to be known by any name but that which he had already made famous,

From Stereograph Copyright Underwood and Underwood

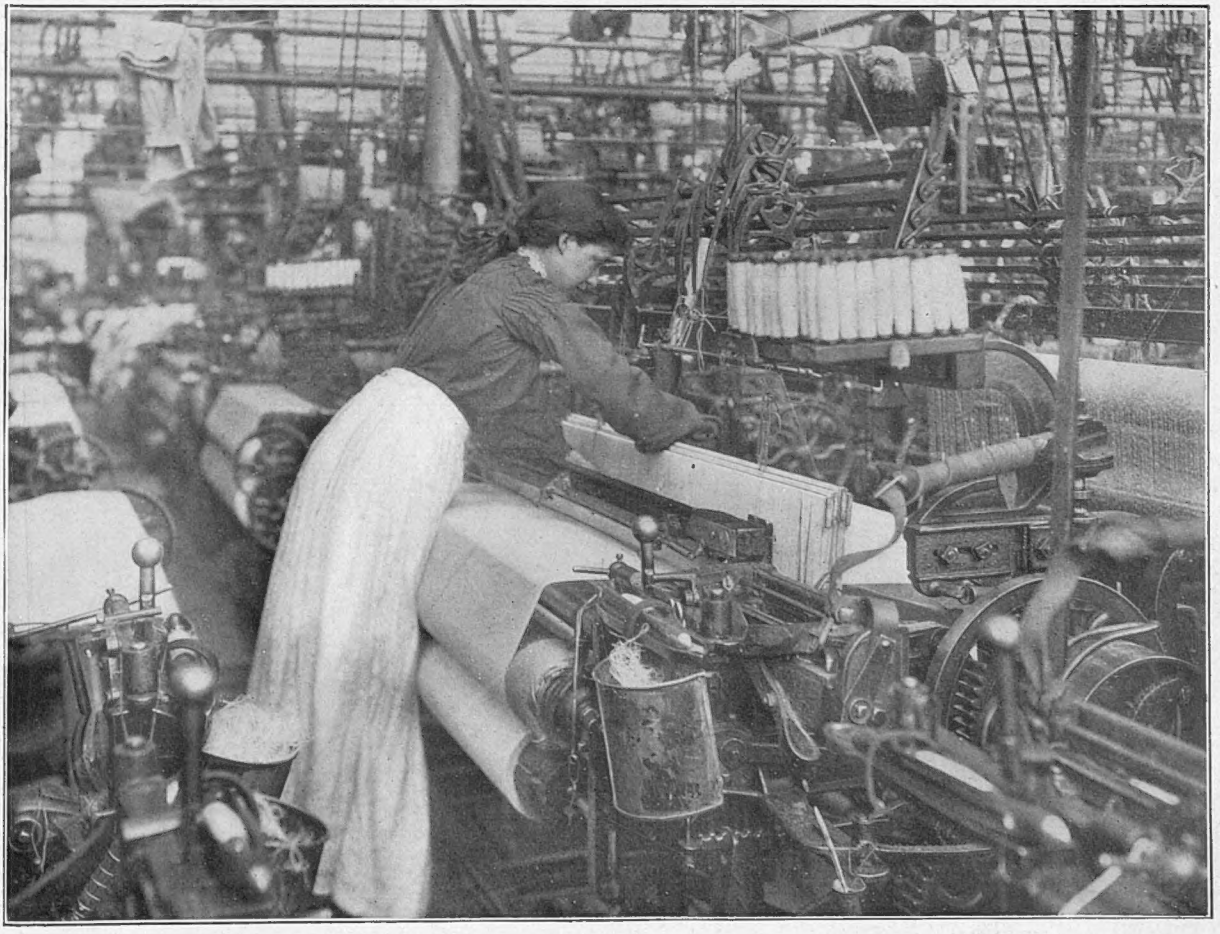
Lady Curzon

Photo by Bourne and Shepherd

Lord Curzon

and considerable difficulty was experienced in granting this modest desire, as Curzon is the second title of Lord Howe. However, the latter consented to its adoption by the rising young statesman, provided he was always known as Lord Curzon of Kedleston, the name of Lord Scarsdale's place in Derbyshire.

Lady Curzon is the first American to be Vicereine of India, and when first she went out she had many prejudices to overcome in that most exclusive of communities, Anglo-Indian society. However, her tact and graciousness speedily won the day. Lady Curzon's beauty is of the classical description, and



Weaving the Material for a Royal Dress

Weaving at one of Messrs. Priestley's Mills the dress worn at the opening of the Bradford Exhibition by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales

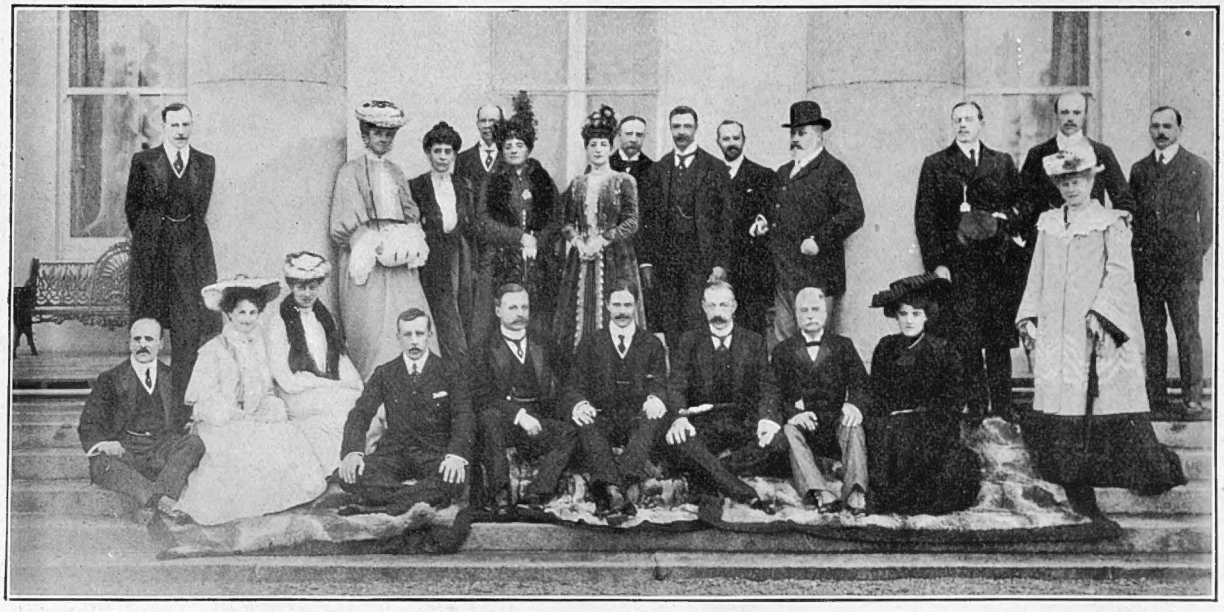


Photo by **With the King and Queen in Ireland** [*Lafayette*

Their Majesties, with Earl Dudley and house party, at the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin

she is accredited with being the original of the "Gibson Girl."

Miss Dorothy Menpes

Fathers and daughters rarely co-operate in any work of art, and perhaps, in modern days, the most charming exception which proves this rule may be seen in the case of Miss Dorothy Menpes, who was little more than a child when she began to "write round" her well-known father's exquisite illustrations. Her first great hit was made with some South African impressions, and then came a delightful book on Japan. Mr. Mortimer Menpes himself trained his daughter both to observe, and to be able to note the result of her observation accurately. She began life well by being the god-daughter of Whistler, who painted her as a child, the result being one of his most characteristic and superb portraits. Few Londoners are more blessed in their house than the famous colourist, his wife, and their clever children. Every room was planned and decorated in Japan, and each represents a flower. Miss Menpes has been singularly fortunate in yet another matter. It may be confidently stated that no girl of her age has come across so many celebrated people. In South Africa she and her father were naturally brought into close contact with all our great soldiers and administrators, and in London

Photo by *Kate Pragnel*

Miss Dorothy Menpes

The gifted young author who writes the text for her father's (Mr. Mortimer Menpes') books

Photo by *Lafayette*

Lady Muriel Gordon-Lennox

Who was married Saturday, April 30, to Mr. William Beckwith, in the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Photo by *Thomson*

Lord Burnham

Formerly Sir Edward Lawson, of *Daily Telegraph* fame. Lord Burnham will preside at the Anniversary Dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, to be held next Saturday at the Hôtel Métropole

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Count Mensdorff

Who has been appointed Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in London. Count Mensdorff, who is very popular in London Society, is a Member of several well-known Clubs, among them, the Turf, Marlborough, and St. James's

The Visit of M. Loubet to the King of Italy

The French President and the King of Italy passing along the Via Nazionale, Rome, amid the cheers of the crowd

most of the distinguished men and women of the day have sat to Mr. Menpes.

Lord Burnham

A most fitting task falls to the lot of Lord Burnham in presiding at the anniversary dinner of the Newpaper Press Fund next Saturday. He, the leader and presiding genius, is almost the only one left of that galaxy of finely touched spirits which combined to make the brilliant early days of the *Telegraph*. Apropos of this early connection with letters, a story is told of the farewell dinner given in honour of Charles Dickens before his departure for America, at which Lord Burnham—then Sir Edward Lawson, and one of the organisers of the function—noticed Matthew Arnold sitting in an inconvenient and crowded place, and hurried to persuade him to change it for another. "Who is that extremely civil man?" the poet-critic asked the late Edmund Yates. "Sir Edward Lawson," was the answer. "What, the *Telegraph* man?" "Yes," replied Yates, adding, with an apt appreciation of the situation, "the keeper of the young lions."

Photo by] **Mr. W. S. Gilbert** [*Lanfier*

Whose new domestic pantomime, *The Fairy's Dilemma* has just been produced at the Garrick Theatre

Lady Constance Richardson

The fair subject of our frontispiece this week is a heroine of modern romance. As "the redoubtable Lady Constance," her career was made up of a series of picturesque escapades in which ladies seldom indulge, for the reason that few have the requisite strength, daring, and initiative. In addition to the triumphs of this modern Diana by field, stream, and covert, she has travelled the world over and faced many a difficult situation in Somaliland. Her marriage was as unconventional as her former way of life. A young lady who has enjoyed the freedom of kilt and hose in the seclusion of her Highland home may be excused a prejudice against the elaboration of a modern wedding garment. Perhaps the pomp and circumstance of a modern fashionable wedding was still less to her taste. For she drove one morning across the moors to the little church of St. Andrew's, Tain, Ross-shire, and there was united to Sir Edwin Austin Stewart-Richardson, Captain of the Black Watch—a crowning exploit—which was as much a pleasant surprise to her own relations as it was to the world at large.

Mr. Tree's Idea of a Rest Between the Acts

The indefatigable actor-manager of His Majesty's Theatre dictating to his secretary between the acts of *The Darling of the Gods*

"With the Long Bow"

By G. K. CHESTERTON

THE MADNESS OF MODERN LITERATURE

I pointed out last week that most eccentricity in literature arose from some dim desire for sanity and even for moderation. Admitting that this was a paradox, I observed that it was in the same manner a paradox that a man whose foot had slipped, waves his legs and arms fantastically from a desire to keep his balance. If a man were walking along a path completely carpeted with orange peel, he would probably be reeling and rolling and kicking and staggering the whole time. Yet, although at every single instant one could name, the man would be undignified, it would be because of his earnest and enduring desire for dignity. Now this life of ours and the great pathway of history and civilisation is a road entirely carpeted with orange-peel. The obstacles are so numerous, the complications are so varied, that we live as it were in an eternal crisis, in an immortal catastrophe. We are permanently in an exceptional state; nay we are permanently in an unnatural state; this is what was meant by the Fall of Man. Even if we do not admit the Fall of Man, we must admit his continuous state of the staggers. The apple that Eve ate was an orange; and its peel has ever since strewed the ways of the world.

Mr. Belloc and Aristotle

As a consequence, especially in literature, the existence of a proper balance is principally demonstrated, not by people successfully preserving it, but by people swaying hither and thither in their efforts to find it. I have said that I sympathise with the classicism of Mr. Belloc (and his disciple, Aristotle) in so far that I think that if ever a man does find the *via media*, the real central sanity, he cannot do better than walk straight and stiff in it. But the point in which I think classicism perpetually goes wrong is, that if a man has lost his centre and still holds himself straight and stiff, he will not be a monument at all. He will merely fall down.

Prince of Nightmares

Let us take some of the most remarkable and in the general sense most eccentric figures in modern literature. Take Maeterlinck. To the average man his plays appear like the private theatricals of Bedlam. They seem full of an inspired and cunning inconsequence with the heart-breaking irrelevancies of a cruel dream. In them men are afraid of speeches that are never spoken; they are grieved at things that have never been. They speak to each other like deaf men, as if neither had heard the other; they go out in laborious search for things they know do not exist; they break into strange tears and half-witted angers for things they have not imagined. At first sight it would seem that no philosopher ever took such trouble to connect things with each other as this prince of nightmares takes to disconnect them. Here, if anywhere, you would say is real deliberate oddity, real deliberate desire not for the centre but for the borderland.

"Where is Lunacy?"

In one of Maeterlinck's plays (a very fine play) a man and a woman drop a ring into a well and go and tell somebody else that they have lost it in a cave. They then go to look for it in the cave with great conscientiousness, but on discovering that it contains some old men who are asleep they go home again. The British audience glares at this, a hundred hungry questions shrieking in its brain. Why it should be more discreditable to lose a thing in a well than in a cave, why anyone should look in a cave for something which he knows he lost in a well, why old gentlemen should go to sleep in caves and if they do, why that should render impossible a search for lost property, why, finally, the two lunatics should end by saying (as I think they do), "We will come again another day," presumably some day when other avocations shall have taken the old men elsewhere and so enabled the seekers to have a thorough hunt for the thing they both know is somewhere else—all these things crowd on the normal brain of the audience. Here, if anywhere, you would say, is lunacy. If it is not here, where is it?

The Silly Little Men of Fleet Street

And yet it is not so. Maeterlinck's work may not be sane, but it is part of a return to sanity. He may be eccentric, but he is not trying to be. He is not trying to be an artist, as poor silly little men do in Fleet Street and the Quartier Latin; he is like a true artist, trying to be Man. And if his work is morbid, it is morbid in the sense that medicine is morbid; it possesses the unhealthy poison of the antidote For this mad atmosphere of the great Belgian is really the return to our literature of something which was once native to all humanity, which is in its nature native to all humanity, without which no portion of humanity can long safely live. Because Maeterlinck has this, he is in some sense and some degree sane. Because the crowd in the English pit has not got this, the crowd in the English pit is mad, a horde of gibbering maniacs.

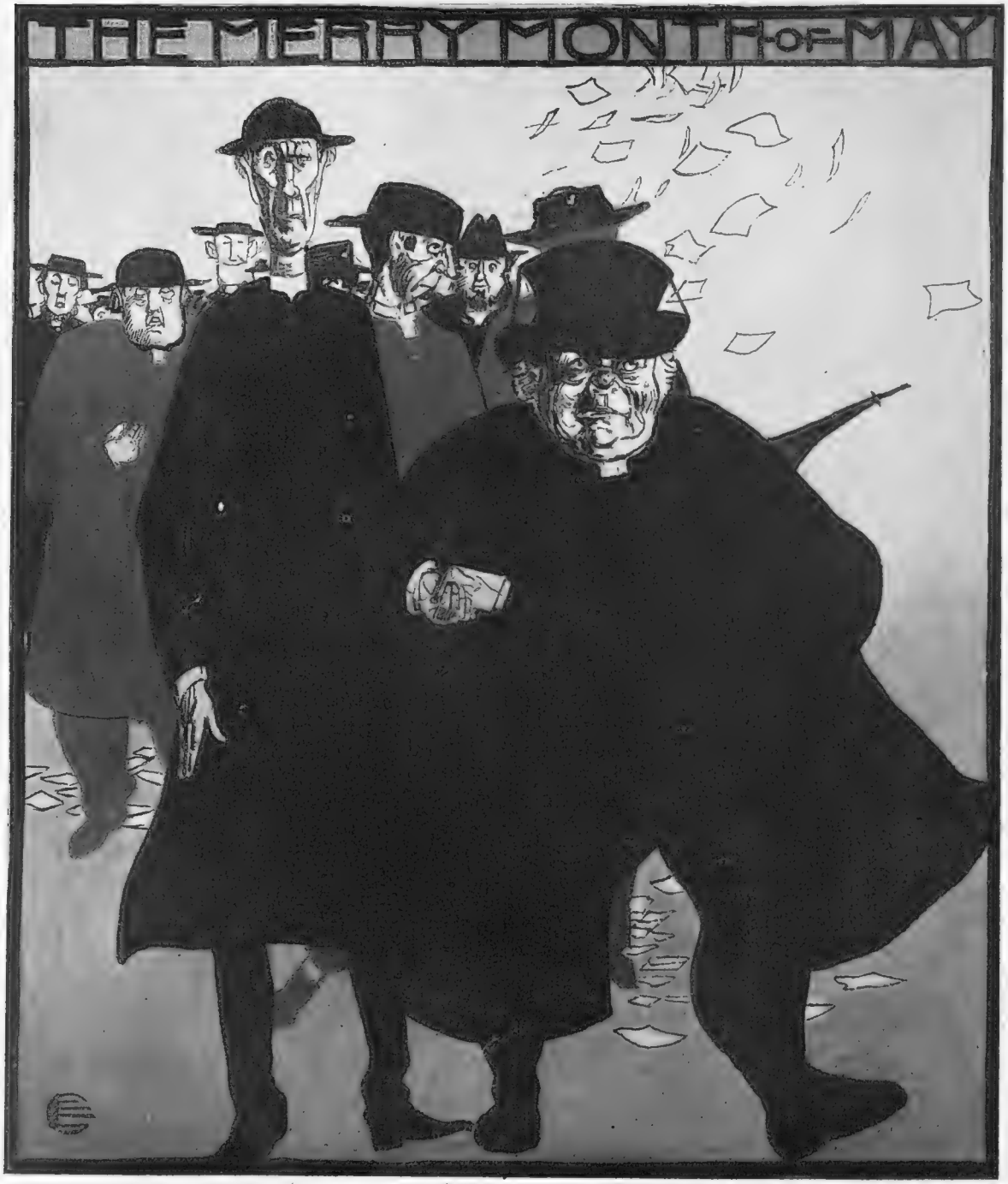
Banished Bogies

Gradually but consistently during the last two hundred years we have taken the old religious sentiment of the fear of death and cast it out of our life and letters. We have hidden away our cemeteries on waste hills. We have kept our children from hearing

about bogies, despite their noble and exuberant desire to hear about them. We have made our executions of murderers as still and secret as the murders that they avenge. We have thought ourselves humane, merciful because the thing we did was too horrible for us to see. We have padded our life's room with comfort. But we forgot that just as there is a madness of terror, so also there is a madness of comfort: we forgot that there is only one completely padded thing, a padded cell.

Nerve-wrecking Hats and Boots

But the spirit of the sanity of mankind, the spirit of equilibrium, had his revenge. He said, "What? You will not have any fear or superstitition, eh? I think you will. If you will not be afraid of gravestones and the gallows, by Heaven you shall be afraid of your own doors and windows, of your own hats and boots. If you will not have the fear of death, I will send upon you a more awful thing, the fear of life. If you will not stand in awe of crucified saints and pirates hung in chains, you shall stand in awe of old men sleeping in a cave. If you will not quake with remor e for committing perjury or adultery, you shall quake with remorse for dropping a silly old ring down a silly old well. Because you have feared too little, you shall fear too much. Because you have been Herbert Spencer a few minutes too long, you shall be Maeterlinck for a moment, in your mad, furious efforts to be Man."



"*Meat and matins hinder no man's journey.*"—OLD PROVERB.

THE CHURCH MILITANT IN MAY TIME. DRAWN BY FRANK L. EMANUEL

"Without Apology"

A Suggestion for the Ha'penny Papers

In these days of hustle and hurry, would it not save time and trouble if our halfpenny contemporaries combined their "Breakfast Table Problems" with their Sloppy Correspondence? Thus, heads of families at breakfast could not only improve their knowledge of the multiplication table, but at the same time could keep abreast of current lunacy. To show how easily the change might be effected we append a few examples:

Should Young Men Marry Old Women?

SIR,

I say "Yes—Yes—Yes," for I have proved it. Last year I married a lady some fifty years my senior, and never for a single moment have I regretted it. She was rich and I was poor, but when two loving hearts meet, are monetary considerations ever thought of? Never was I prouder than when on winning a local steeplechase last week I heard a voice from a bath chair by the winning post cry "Well done, Algie." If Sweetie should die (and her annuity dies with her), a great shadow will be cast over the life of

DEVOUT LOVER.

P.S.—Ten years ago Sweetie was four times as old as I was—ten years hence (may she survive as long) Sweetie will be twice my age. How old is Sweetie now?

How Much Sleep Do Brain-Workers Require?

SIR,

I am the proud and happy mother of four brilliant sons, and yet, from the conventional standpoint, they are all sluggards.

My first-born is a profound mathematician and a Fellow of the Royal Society. He gives to sleep just three hours more than he does to mathematics.

My second son is a Cabinet Minister. He sleeps (not counting his casual dozes in the House of Commons) just three hours a day more than his eldest brother.

My third son is the dramatic critic of a great newspaper. He slumbers (if we do not include the time spent in theatre stalls) for three hours longer than his political brother.

My Benjamin is a merchant prince—"the Grocer King" people call him in the City. He contents himself with four hours more sleep than my critical star.

I think, Mr. Editor, I have proved that brilliant brains need long repose. I ask you, if my eldest son spends eleven hours a day attempting to square the circle, how long does my youngest son sleep?

HAPPY MOTHER.

The Manners of The Smart Set

SIR,

What ARE we coming to? At a dinner I gave to some fashionable friends yesterday evening a dainty countess cracked an egg on the butler's bald head. A German baron insisted on hugging my cook. Two charming young peeresses would kiss the waiters. Nor can I forget the thrill which ran through me when a stately duchess, placing her feet upon the table, humorously remarked to the butler, "Would William like to kiss the pretty little toetsicums?" I am not, I hope, prudish, but I think a little more restraint on the part of my guests would have been decorous.

By the way, when I checked my plate after the banquet, William observed to me, "If the Baron had taken half as many more spoons than he did take, and the Countess had pocketed just four more spoons than those she took charge of, there would have been no spoons left, Sir." There were sixteen spoons left at the conclusion of the banquet. How many spoons were originally placed on the table? PRIVY COUNCILLOR.

Removing an Enthusiast

Nothing was wanting to accentuate General Cronje's recent professions of loyalty. A member of his audience who stood up to give three cheers for Sir Alfred Milner was removed with a minimum of violence.

When Grave Issues are at Stake

It is difficult to judge which side, Russia or Japan, bears the greater resemblance to Mr. Toots. This story is bothering St. Petersburg, and the *Novoe Vremya* writes quite pathetically on Japanese irresponsibility. "Blood," observes that journal, is being shed all round, the whole future of Japan is at stake, and the *Japan Times*, instead of correspondence from the seat of war, prints a biography of Menelik, sketches of life of the Latin Quarter, and notes about the Philippines." I am at present anxiously awaiting the Tokyo comments on the paragraph in the *Russki Invalid* (the official military organ), which remarks airily: "Our retreat from the right bank of the Yalu, which we have held since the first days of the war, is of no importance," and deviates off into a biography of Mr. Balfour and a sketch of "Wall Street Hustlers in a Cotton Boom."

A Useful Proposition

The maiden infatuated with an "undesirable" may derive great benefit from the study of Euclid.—THE WORLD.

When Billy had to say good-bye,
With bitter tears we parted;
And both of us resolved to die,
For both were broken-hearted:
With streaming eyes I cursed again
The fate that snatched him from me. . . .
—'Twas equally pathetic when
I said good-bye to Tommy!

But now I've started life anew,
To Euclid I'm devoted;
I learnt within a month or two
What Q.E.D. denoted.
Sometimes a Problem I contrive,
(Problems are rather silly):
And after Proposition Five
I'm merely bored by Billy.

I do not envy Kitty Toone
(I never could abide her);
She may be getting married soon,
But I—have solved a "rider"!
"My dear, he's such a charming boy,"
—And then the full particulars;
Enough for me the simple joy
Of dropping perpendiculars.

For what are men? If Jack is sweet,
Rhomboids to me are sweeter;
Harry, you say, is trim and neat?
Prop. 32 is neater!
Though men are grave and men are gay,
At best they're only bipeds;
—But certain kinds of solids *may*
Be parallelepipeds!

Academy Notes

(Second Notice)

This, one heard, was to be an outsiders' Academy. For the development of their powers of self-criticism, and to enable the Selecting Committee to give more leisured attention to the work submitted for their decision, non-members were restricted to three contributions each. The result, as has been said, was rumoured to be an outsiders' exhibition. The aspect of the walls, however, where large spaces had been granted to non-members, severely damaged that idea. Generosity, one felt, had in this case proved excellent policy.

The large landscapes of Mr. David Farquharson and Mr. Walter Donne hung on the line in Gallery III. are, it is true, admissible to such honourable place. The Leightonesque inspiration of Mr. Herbert Draper's "The Golden Fleece" may be responsible for the award of a like position. Miss Kemp-Welch's "Timber-hauling in the New Forest," too, so far as the straining animals are its subject, deserves its position in Gallery V. But, unless to prove the superiority of Academical art, even in a squandering kind, why were the huge moralities of Mr. Sigismund Goetze and Mr. Sauber displayed? Why were Mr. Gillard Glendoni's "The Peacemakers," and Mrs. Rae Normand's "Songs of the Morning," and Mr. John Charlton's "Abandoned," chosen for prominent places? As to Mr. Hatherell's pink and orange "The City Fathers' Welcome to King Edward VII." and Mr. Tom Roberts's "The Opening of the First Australian Parliament by the Prince of Wales," with its invasion of prismatic mists above the commonplace masses, the insignificant chief figure, one recognises that the approval of the Academy is not necessarily implied by the grant of wall-space. Still, the presence of these big, clamorous canvases, proving an almost effusive generosity of reception towards artists outside Burlington House, undoubtedly advantages the art of the hosts. One may refuse Mr. Solomon his artistic right to employ the high figures of the Law and the Spirit in the mixed service of his Allegory. But Mr. Sigismund Goetze's theatrically lighted Saviour, bound to the tricked out column of sacrifice, among a cheap outpouring of the city's types; or Mr. Sauber's great gilt "Mammon," in clumsy advance through an obvious scheme of persons and qualities, elevate Mr. Solomon's capability. And when one turns from superfluous "machines" to portraiture, or from portraiture to landscape, the highest honours are with the official body. Not all the honours, however. Working through the first obvious presentment of outsider's contributions one comes to Signor Mancini's "En Voyage," to Mr. George Henry's "The Blue Veil," or to the portrait of his wife by Mr. W. W. Russell—though his interior with the simple light on walls and white covered breakfast table does Mr Russell more justice than the somewhat easily accepted browns of this graceful figure. These are foremost among portraits by non-members. In landscape their showing is much stronger. Mr. Farquharson's large "Full Moon and Spring Tide," with its tumbled sea and obscure shore and the moonlight stealing in a surprise of light on the clouded darkness of the waters, has been mentioned. So has Mr. Donne's "Golden Dawn," which yet records, perhaps, rather the force of observation that exclaims at the golden capture of the far headlands by the rising sun, than any co-ordinate pictorial impression of the shadowed town with its pink roofs, of the blue shadow beyond the town and terrace, and of the jutting golden rocks shining in the turquoise sea. Besides these—and of finer, more persuasive vision than either Mr. Farquaharson's projection of the white moonshine in the shifting gloom, or Mr. Donne's too solidly phrased exclamation at the bold sunshine—are Mr. Wetherbee's two pastorals, and "The Old Barge" of Mr. Edward Stott. Landscapes by Mr. José Weiss, too, and by Mr. Aumonier, Mr. Fritz Thaulow, Mr. Mark Fisher, and Mr. Adrian Stokes, are other pictures that discover themselves as the genuine art of outsiders. Before enlarging this summary one must add to it the note of

Photo by *Thomas*

Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.

THE PRESIDENT IN HIS STUDIO

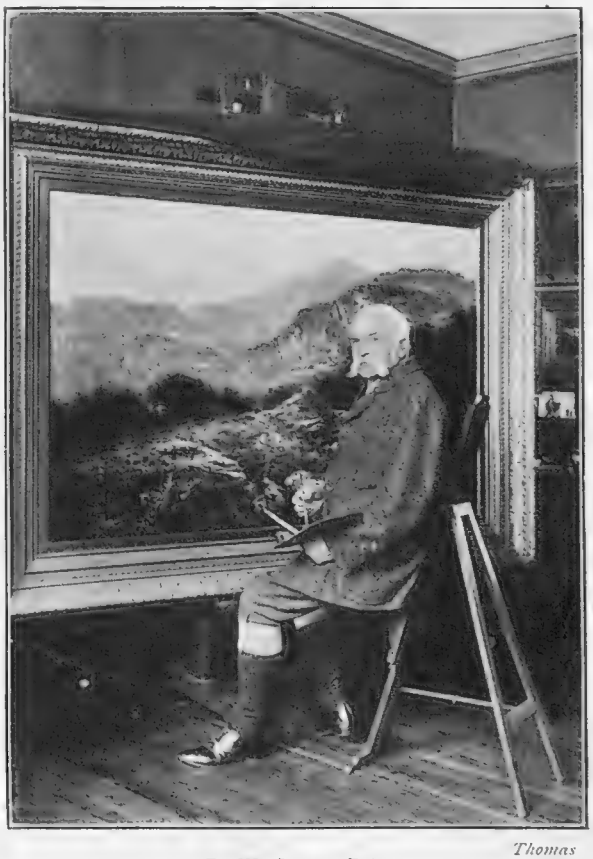
"hither-thither" movement in the white-clad figures of Mr. Charles Sim's sunshiny "Butterflies"; the able sea-pictures of Mr. R. W. Allan; an interior by Mr. James Charles—an unusual subject for him, but one that yields his observation a truth of light; Mr. Havermaet's steadily furnished canvas, "The Connoisseur"; Mr. Thomas Graham's rather harshly surfaced, and, in the figure, clumsy, yet not commonplace, "The Croft"; Mr. Arthur Meade's blue inlets of sea; the heavy chill of the snow around the black wood of the bridge in Mr. W. H. Bond's "Sussex, by the Sea"; and the spume of Mr. Ogilvy Reid's "The Dochart in Spate."

Before Signor Mancini's "En Voyage" one has a halt of sensation to grasp the painter's statement, such as only Sargent otherwise orders in the succession of Academy note-takings. Not that the design of this portrait of an old Italian gentlemen, with his hand-luggage heaped about him in the railway carriage, is appointed with the mastery of Mr. Sargent at his best. The choice of the opportunity dismisses as inappropriate any effect of formal design. But in the colour of the upholstery the painter's eye finds the special background for this old spare head, and in the attitude, the waiting, unexpansive attitude of travel, he has given not only the truth of his title, but of a single traveller, of race and personality close to the more serious perceptions of an extraordinarily clever observer. Beside this, the scheme that Mr. George Henry finds sufficient for a portrait seems tepid. The blue veil hangs over the hat of his graceful sitter with definiteness; the green belt is about a round waist; the chair is finely gold in the gentle grey of the picture; an admirable ornamental grotesque is on the table. But the thin hands meet without gesture, the figure and face want breath and reality. And his full-length, "The Marchioness of Tullibardine," in a subdued red dress, with pale golds and pink of couch and cushion set in the painter's grey, seems still less painted on an idea of a living person. His idea is of proportions and relations of shapes and colour, one almost feels. The concrete, the breath—these are too heavy and too swift for his realisation.

Mr. Wetherbee has a possession of peace in his idea of the earth. His country of quiet, with streams flowing by the trees, whose cool shapes of stem and leaf are defined with delicate light against the faintly radiant sky, the meadows where purple flowers are dimmed in a long shadow, has no labour on its face. "Nor use of service, none"—it is under Gonzalo's rule, and the tall children bearing a white branch, lighted with the morning sun, the white trotting lambs that follow them, the youth and maid beside the brown stream in "Golden Silence," are embodiments, with tenderness of form and colour, of the "innocent and pure" lives that were to enter on possession of Gonzalo's Arcadia. One may value more the vision of Mr. Clausen or of Mr. Stott, penetrating to the beauty of the world labouring "not without dust and heat," yet this pastoral world of Mr. Wetherbee's, cleared of reality only where a burden has left its mark, is truly and finely related to the peace that is the healing, of the country places, to those troubled with the town.

R. E. D. S.

Photos by **J. Seymour Lucas, R.A**



Thomas **B. W. Leader, R.A.**

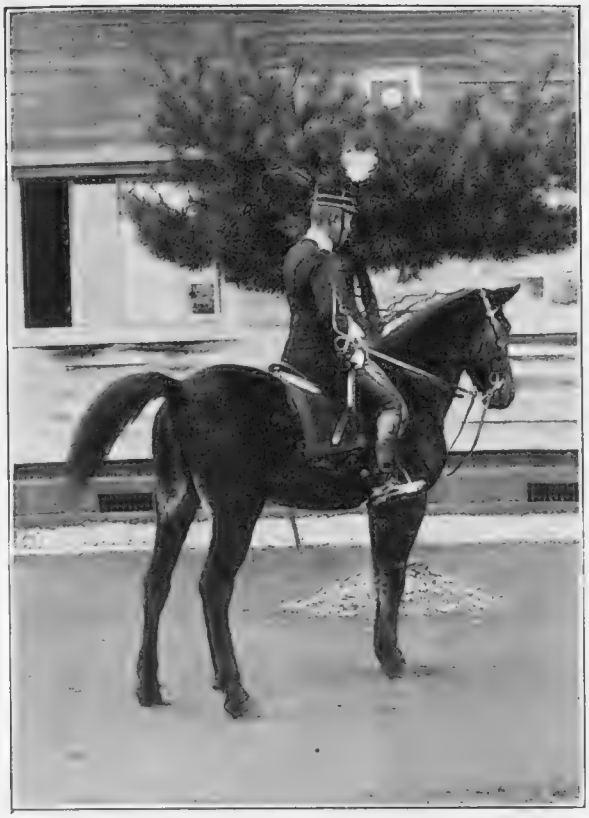
TWO PROMINENT ACADEMICIANS IN THEIR STUDIOS

OUR PICTURES OF THE WAR

(DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS IN THE FAR EAST)

Waiting for News from the Seat of War Outside One of the Principal Newspaper Offices in Tokyo

Reading the War News in Yokohama. Demonstrated by Pictures on the Hoardings

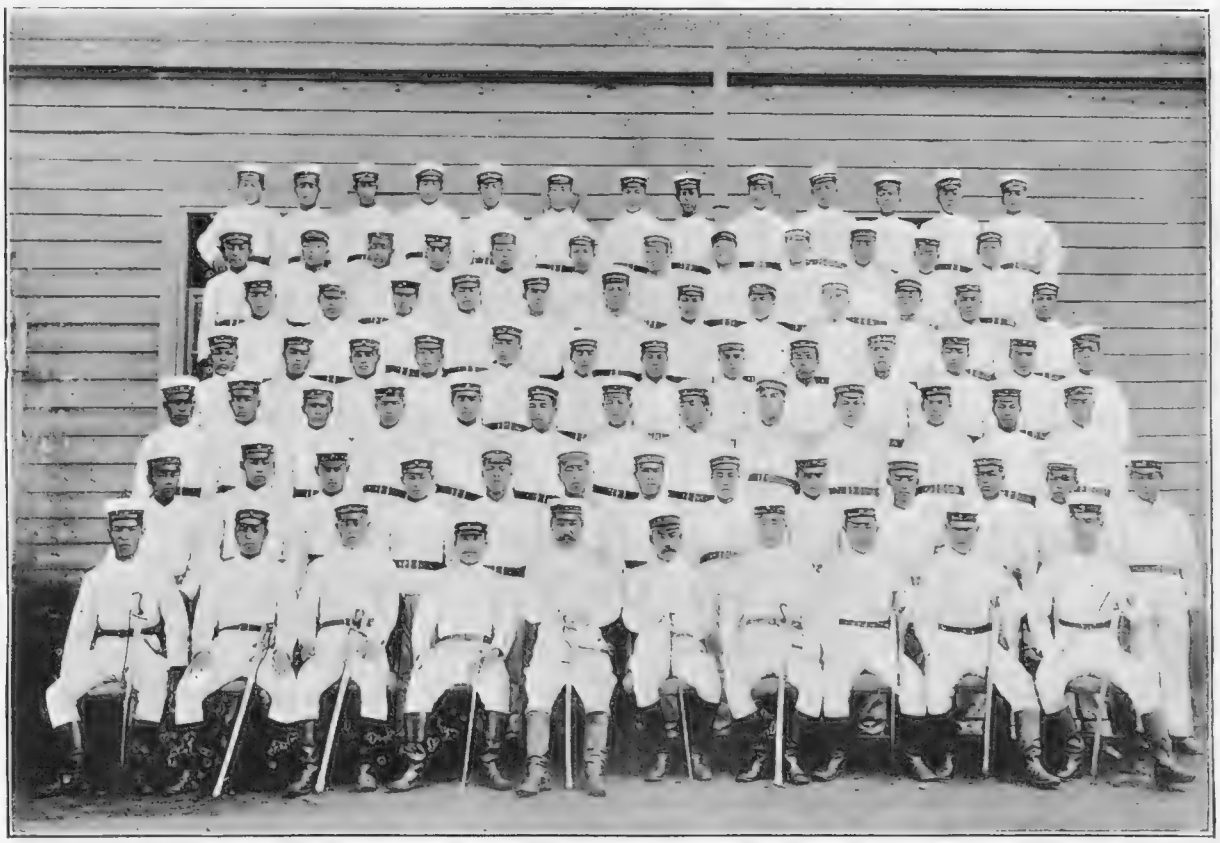


A Captain in the Cavalry

The Japanese permanent Army contains a cavalry force of 400 officers, 9,300 rank and file, and 9,000 horses

A Private in the Infantry

The permanent infantry force consists of 4,160 officers, and 143,900 rank and file. The field equipment of the infantry soldier weighs 43½lbs.



The Mikado's Bodyguard: Picked Men from the Guards

Counting both the Regulars and the Reserves, Japan has available for service beyond the seas 7,400 officers, 224,990 rank and file, 798 guns, and 67,152 horses

TYPES OF THE JAPANESE ARMY

The Wireless Telegraph Station, Ten Miles East from Wei-Hai-Wei

The S.S. *Hai-mun*, which the *Times* has chartered, sends the latest war messages by means of the De Forest system, and these are immediately cabled to all parts of the globe

"Young Martial Japan"

Within the last few years even the Japanese facial characteristics have undergone a great change. If the reader covers up the eyes of this soldier, it will be found that he closely resembles a type of American we know well

Schoolboys Playing at War

Young Japan has the war fever badly. Instead of kites and the usual amusements of the Jap boy, he now forms regiments, and fights his mimic battles with the enemy

A Naval Battle as Drawn by a Russian Artist (at Home)

This picture, which is but one of thousands with which the sentiment of the country is fed, represents the destruction of the Japanese Fleet off Port Arthur. The amount of Japanese gore sprinkled over the print is remarkable

A Russian Gulliver in Lilliput

Here we are supposed to see the victorious Russian giant, crossing from Korea into Japan. In his hands and waistband and boots are hundreds of pigmy Japanese prisoners. On Japanese territory the Mikado and his British *confrère* are fleeing in panic. All the Japanese war vessels are crushed and sinking. The gaudy colours with which these "veracious" prints are depicted are calculated to stir the sluggish Tartar temperament

HOW RUSSIAN BUREAUCRACY DECEIVES THE NATION

CONCERNING SIR EDWARD CLARKE, K.C.

Sir Edward is one of the shining examples. There are, in all probability, hundreds of youths who have developed a vague hostility toward him, and scowl at the sight of his name in the public prints (from which it is never long absent). Their animosity is due simply to the belief that Sir Edward is a paragon of the kind of virtues that are popular with exacting and conscientious fathers. He has been held up to them as a man who has made a career for himself, out of the most unpromising materials, by mere patience, industry, application, self-denial, tenacity—but already the younger readers of these lines are beginning to look fierce.

Let it be said, then, without more delay, that, like every other successful man whereof the world holds record, Sir Edward Clarke has had his share of luck. It is a rough, rude word to employ in connection with a King's Counsel and holder of a score of other titles to respect. Such men, we know, do not employ terms of that description among themselves, and it is like an irreverence to say that Sir Edward has had luck. Yet the word is one of the oldest in our language, and there is no other meaning quite the same thing.

But, consoling as it may be to know that such a supreme instance of worldly success has an element of fortune in it, it must be remembered that Sir Edward did not leave everything to his luck. All possible arrangements for its reception were made in advance, and when at length his first chance came his way, it found him fitted with absolutely every modern convenience; so it stayed, and before very long was joined by many friends. That is where the practical virtues, which we find so irritating in youth, come in.

Sir Edward's rise to the position of leader of the English Bar has certainly been a very remarkable one. He began without money, without connections in the profession he meant to adopt, and (it is not to be doubted) a knowledge of the fact that either money or connections is practically indispensable for finding one's footing in that career in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

It demands a certain amount of self-confidence for a man to assure himself that he will be the hundredth, and not one of the ninety-and-nine. But among all the criticisms that have been made upon Sir Edward Clarke by those whom he has worsted in argument, or outdistanced professionally, or had sent to gaol, or browbeaten in the witness-box, or caused to pay damages, or disobliged in any other way, it has never been cast up to him that he was shy or afflicted with false modesty.

There is no more striking proof of the principle of compensation that is ever at work in nature than the fact that, while the world always seems naturally eager to lay itself at the feet of big men, simply because they are big, little men are commonly gifted with an unusually large allowance of that "guid conceit o' theirsel's" which the Scotsman holds to be the first requisite to worldly, if not to spiritual, success.

But how is it, then, that we have never seen that fine forensic face of Sir Edward's turned upon us from the splendid elevation of the Bench? Why has the honourable ornament of the judicial wig never been called in to heighten the effect of those irresistible whiskers? That is the question. It is one of the dark and uncanny mysteries of the legal profession, only to be spoken of with bated breath. By all the recognised rules of Barristerdom, Sir Edward ought to have been enjoying the rather higher honours and the considerably smaller income of a judge for some time past. Yet he does not do so; and if, in a moment of after-dinner confidence, you ask the Lord Chancellor whether or no it is true that Sir Edward refused the Mastership of the Rolls, or what not, when it was offered him, his Lordship merely wags his head with what one might be tempted to call, in the case of a less exalted being, a cunning expression.

Be that as it may, Sir Edward Clarke betrays no symptoms of bitterness or discontent, but simply goes on making money hand over fist (if such a phrase may be permitted), and apparently taking a pleasure in the position of pre-eminence he holds among his brethren at the Bar. He continues to enjoy himself, to all outward seeming, as much as ever, whether he is making the record speech for length in the Courts; or attending to his social duties here, there, and everywhere; or breaking a lance with Mr. Edmund Gosse in the columns of the *Times* on a literary question; or after-dinner-speaking on any subject under Heaven, from Shakespeare to the House of Commons; or attending one of those theatrical first nights which he has seldom been known to miss. For Sir Edward is a man of many interests. Without having more side than is customary in a man of his position, he is undoubtedly many-sided.

Perhaps the boldest thing Sir Edward ever did was to take up the position he did on the question of Great Britain's Conventions with the South African Republic, of pious memory. The firmness then shown by him on a matter in which he believed nearly all the rest of the country to be wrong was a very remarkable proof of independence and fearlessness of judgment, which won him the respect of many of those who are prone to take an unflattering view of the honesty of lawyers. In that connection he sacrificed much, including a seat in the House of Commons.

The Leader of the English Bar

Mr. Arthur Donaldson and Miss Lilian Coleman in "The Prince of Pilsen"

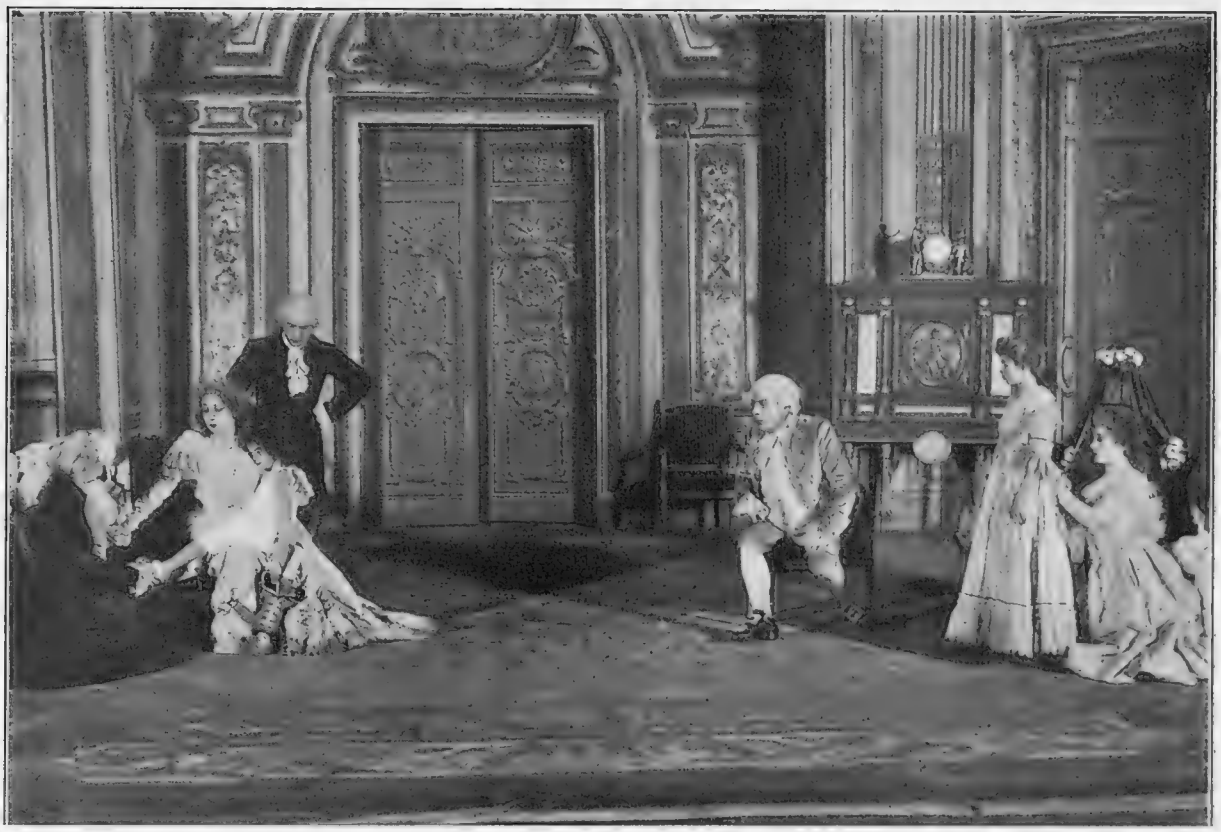
The Latest American Musical Comedy is to be Produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre Next Saturday

Photo by *Lafayette*

Madame Suzanne Adams

Who made Her Reappearance at Covent Garden, on the Opening Night of the Opera Season, as Elvira, in "Don Giovanni"

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT AS QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE



Madame Sarah Bernhardt (Queen Marie Antoinette), behind whose chair stands Count de Fersen (M. Magnier), is busily dressing the little Dauphin in the disguise of a girl for the flight to the frontier from the Tuileries. The king (Monsieur Chameroy) is seated in the centre begging the queen to hurry. Upon the right Madame Royale, their daughter, is being dressed by a lady of the Court

Photos by *Henri Manuel, Paris*

Drouet, the postmaster, has recognised the fugitives, and soldiers of the Convention have caught them up in M. Sauce's grocery shop at Varennes. On the extreme left of the picture stands Madame de Rochereul (Blanche Dufresne), who, jealous of the deep interest which Fersen, whom she loves, takes in the queen, has betrayed the king and queen and left them to their fate

IN "VARENNES," THE PARIS SUCCESS, BY MM. LAVEDAN & LENÔTRE

Photo by *Henri Manuel, Paris*

Marie Antoinette and the little Dauphin at Meaux, where they have halted for a day or two, under the supervision of the Convention's emissaries, before being taken back to Paris

Photo by *Henri Manuel, Paris*

"Varennes," at the Théatre Sarah Bernhardt

The fifth and greatest act in the play: indeed, one in which a swift transition is made from mere historical spectacle to tragedy. Fersen has declared his love for Marie Antoinette, and in a touching scene, which is one of the finest Madame Sarah Bernhardt has ever played, she tells him he must go, for queens have no right to love even when their people fail to love them. The picture is taken at the moment of the queen's last farewell to Fersen

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

The Earl of Suffolk's Theatrical Company in "The Country Girl" at Charlton Park, Malmesbury

Three performances of the popular musical comedy were given in the Big Hall, Charlton Park, in aid of the Charlton Church Organ Fund. Mr. Todd, of Daly's Theatre, produced the piece, the performance of which reflected great credit on a talented body of amateurs, and was an unqualified success. Acting honours were shared by Mrs. Carthew Yorstoun (*Marjorie*), Miss Ursula Luce (*Sophie*), Miss F. MacQuoid (*Princess*), and Mrs J. D. Gouldsmith (*Nan*); Mr. Innes Smith (*Geoffrey Challoner*), Mr. Audrey Miller (*Rajah*), and Mr. J. D. Gouldsmith (*Barry*). Lady Suffolk appears in our illustration among the members of the cast, dressed in black, while immediately behind her is her son, Lord Suffolk, in the *rôle* of Sir Joseph Ve.ity

"At the Sign of the Times"

ON MASTER MINDS; MADAME SARAH GRAND; ETC.

What is the Secret of Success?

What is the secret of success in these modern days? I do not ask students of advertisements, who would no doubt answer "Jenkins's Pills" or "Madame Goldschmidt's Eye-lash Soap" or "Mr. Cadbury's Cocoa combined with his *Daily News*." Success may be unachievable without these accessories. Many successful men have, in moments of confidence, confessed their belief in one or other of them, and declared that if poor T. had only tried them, he would not now be dyspeptic or half-blind or a Tory. But it is impossible to blink the fact that, however valuable these things may be as aids to achievement, they cannot with any due regard to language be described as secrets. A secret is worth more than even a shilling a box.

After a Digression upon Madame Sarah Grand

It is just possible that there is no secret of success, and in that event this ink might be saved. Ink, however, is cheap enough, and since I have a theory about the matter it may as well be set down. It cannot be cruder than Madame Sarah Grand's theory about honour among Englishmen, which has lately been convulsing the subscribers to one of our ha'penny papers. Sarah Grand contends that we do not talk about honour now—therefore it no longer exists. But we no longer talk about the Emancipation of Women, the Daring of Lady Novelists, the Dreadful Behaviour of the Heavenly Twins. Do they no longer exist? Of course they exist. Mr. Chamberlain is not talking very much at present about Tariff Reform. Has that splendid project fallen to the ground? Let Free Traders, who think so, beware!

An Answer to this Question is Suggested

To return to my theory . . . it is that the secret of success lies in a man's many-sidedness, in his ability to be docketed, described, and discussed, under as many journalistic headlines as the years bring forth. You know the sort of things I mean. Are you, amongst other things, an "Out-door Man," a "Master-Worker," a "Man of the Week" (the Month or the Moment), an "Empire-Builder," a "Man I have Known" (or have Met), a "Young Men's Man," a "Leader of Thought," a "Lover of London," a Man with whom Mr. William Archer could hold a "Real Conversation?" Are you one of the "Boys—and What will Become of Them"—in the *Tatler*? Are you one of the Men who write pages of their lives in *M.A.P.*? If you are, it is perhaps unnecessary to inform you of the fact that you have achieved success. If you are not, you will be grateful for having your sins of omission pointed out to you, and the secret of future success disclosed

Mr. Chamberlain's Claims to be an Out-Door Man

These notes were started by seeing the contents of Mr. C. B. Fry's magazine. "Out-door Men, No. 2, The Bishop of London." This is what caught my eye, and set me wondering. I wondered if Outdoor Man No. 3 would be the Rev. R. J. Campbell; and also whether or no by any possibility Mr. Chamberlain could be worked in. The secret of success seems to demand it, and yet the difficulties are great. Hitherto Mr. Chamberlain has been known as what might be called an Indoor Man. Exercise is not one of his hobbies, and though my own admiration for him is not lessened by it, cricketers have assured me that, but for this un-national apathy, Protection would long since have been established.

Are Considered

It becomes therefore a matter of political importance to see if Mr. Fry can introduce Mr. Chamberlain to the public as an Out-door Man. It is my belief he can. He has only to induce Mr. Chamberlain to kick off for Sheffield United or Woolwich Arsenal, and the thing is as good as done. A day's refereeing would give him a popular qualification, though vegetable gardening is safer for a man who carries our Imperial destinies. One thing is very clear, and that is that the cultivation of orchids will not suffice. You cannot be outdoor over orchids.

And the Serialising of Famous Men is Condemned

These suggestions are offered to Mr. Fry out of pure charity, since I should prefer that Mr. Chamberlain was left out of the series. Not for any political reason. The simple facts are that one wearies of the same half dozen or so of personages solemnly introduced and still more solemnly discussed under some mysterious title . . . . Famous Balloonists, No. 3, The Bishop of London . . . . Lesser Known Saints. No. 7, The Rev R. J. Campbell . . . . Forgotten Economists. No. 173, Mr. J. Chamberlain . . . . That is the kind of nightmare this form of journalism induces.

Back-view Photographs are Approved

What are the feelings of the personages themselves on this subject? No man tell tell: it would be painful to guess. Few people, one would imagine, can care to see themselves perpetually reproduced—even by the photographic process. Indeed, it is probably for this reason that, as the *Daily Mail* informs me, there is now a rage for back-view photographs. This novelty is distinctly a brilliant idea. It enables the much photographed to give a new version of themselves to the public—a welcome change in many cases. It enables the public to believe readily that Miss So-and-so is indeed the loveliest of actresses.

MINIMUS

QUEEN HATASOO

By

W. L. ALDEN

The American Consul at Naples was sitting in his office one afternoon, waiting for the hour of closing, when there entered two seamen. One of them wore the uniform of an American bluejacket, and evidently belonged to the American cruiser that was lying in the harbour. The other, who was a much older man than his comrade, was as evidently in the merchant service, and had the look of a man who had been spending a week ashore among the low bar-rooms of Naples.

"You're the Counsel, sir?" said the man-of-war's man.

"I am," replied the Consul.

"Bill, here, and me, wants a little advice of you, and we're willing and able to pay for it, if there's any charge. Only we want you to keep mum about what we've got to tell you. That's fair, ain't it?"

"Quite fair," said the Consul "provided you are not going to confess any crime to me."

"Oh! There ain't no crime about it," said the sailor. "I came ashore this morning and ran across Bill, who was shipmates with me four years ago when we were up the Mediterranean in the *Lancaster*. We got talking about a little business that we got cheated in when we were together, and we calculated that we couldn't do better than to come and tell you all about it, and ask if you could see any way for us to get our rights."

"I am always glad to help a sailor," replied the Consul. "Take a cigar and sit down and tell me your story. I'm a teetotaller, and so I can't offer you anything to drink, but you can help yourselves to those oranges on the table if you're thirsty."

The sailors accepted the cigars gratefully, and the man-of-war's man launched into his story.

"When we were lying at Port Said, in the *Lancaster*, the surgeon took a notion to do some digging, calculating to find valuable antiquities, and so on. He was a first-class man all the way through, and Bill here and I were particular friends of his. He'd ladle out medicine to us whenever we asked for it, and my idea is that we had twice as much medicine out of the surgeon's stores as any other two men aboard the ship, though as a general thing we were about the healthiest of the lot.

"Well! The surgeon got a month's leave to go digging, and he got permission for me and Bill to go with him. He told us, as soon as we got ashore with him, that he had got on the track of the tomb of an Egyptian Queen called Hatasoo, who lived about ten thousand years ago, and that he wanted to dig her up and carry her off without letting the Arabs know anything about it. That's the reason why he took Bill and me to help him, knowing that we could be trusted, provided, of course, he made it worth our while.

"Well! We didn't lose any time in laying in tents, and stores, and such, and we went up the river to a place called Luxor, which is about as low down a town as I ever struck. On the opposite side of the river, there is a valley where the old Egyptians used to have their graveyard, and it was there that the surgeon, whose name was Mr. Thomas Stark, calculated to find his corpse. We went across the river, and pitched the tents a good way up the valley, where travellers didn't usually come, and the surgeon paid the sheik of the next village to keep all his Arabs at home and not let them come and interfere with us. Then we set to digging in the sand, and it's the hottest work I ever did. Why sir! holystoning the decks in the Persian Gulf is cool alongside of it. However, that's got nothing to do with the facts. There was nothing but sand in sight, and the surgeon said that Queen Hatasoo's tomb was buried under the sand, and that we'd have to find it. We dug for about a week, making a dozen or so different holes in the ground, before we struck the tomb, but one morning we found it, and broke open the door and went in with our candles.

"It was a thundering big tomb, with rooms enough in it to accommodate a whole family of corpses. There wasn't any sign of a coffin in it, so far as I could see, but the surgeon set us to digging in one corner of the last room, and after a bit we struck a pit, and cleared it out, and at the bottom of the pit was the old lady's coffin. It was made of wood covered with painted figures, and when we had prised

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the lid off there she lay, wrapped up tight, and as sound as the day she was made into a mummy. And what showed Bill and me that there was good sense in digging for mummies was that Hatasoo had a big lot of gold and jewels covering her breast, which must have been worth a tidy lot of money if they could have been sold at a fair price.

"The surgeon was in bully spirits, and said that he would pay us men the fair value of the gold and jewels when we should get back to the States, and that he would keep the old lady for his share. That suited Bill and me, and we lent a hand to carry the Queen and her traps to the surgeon's tent, where he put her in a big pine box that he had brought along for the purpose, and screwed her down. Then he said he'd take a rest, for the sun had been a little too much for him, and we all turned in for a sleep.

"It was about noon when Bill and I turned out, and went to the surgeon's tent for orders. As he didn't answer our hail we calculated that something was wrong, and went into the tent, and found him as dead as Queen Hatasoo. You see the sun had given him a fit, and he'd died without being able to call us.

"Bill, here, has got a head on him, though he mayn't look it. When we had braced up with a drink out of the surgeon's flask, Bill says to me, that the thing for us to do was to get away with the Queen, and take her to America, where we could sell her for money enough to live on the rest of our days. I agreed with him that the surgeon, being dead, couldn't have any further use for the old lady, and so we made up our minds to get under weigh with her for Port Said, without waiting for anyone to come and make inquiries. We took the surgeon's body, and put it into the Queen's coffin, and committed it to the pit as solemn as we could. Bill stitched the poor man up in canvas as regular as if he had died at sea, and if we'd had a prayer book along Bill would have read the Service, and given the surgeon a good send off, for Bill is a scholar, though as I say, he mayn't look it just now. When we had buried the surgeon we covered up the tomb with sand, and chartered a camel, and lashing Hatasoo to the camel's hurricane deck we went to Luxor, and caught a steamer for Cairo.

"Now, sir, you probably don't know that the Egyptian government won't allow mummies to be taken out of the country. So we fixed up a yarn about the pine box being the coffin of the surgeon, who had died suddenly, and asked us to take his body to his wife in the States. We went to the American counsel in Cairo, and got a certificate that the box held the last remains of the surgeon, and he told us that we were noble men to undertake the job of getting the surgeon's body to America, and that he would write to the widow and tell her we were coming. That was just what we didn't want, but Bill allowed that the counsel was only talking big, and that he couldn't possibly know where the widow lived. You see, sir, we forgot that the counsel could get the widow's address by writing home to the Navy Department, which is just what he did.

"I was scared by what the counsel said, and told Bill that we had better cut the old lady—meaning, of course, Queen Hatasoo—in two, and each man carry half of her in his bag. In that way we could get her aboard the ship without the Egyptian police getting hold of her, and we could carry her home with us comfortable, and splice her together again, after we were safe ashore. That would have saved us the trouble of deserting the *Lancaster*, which we had to do, and I don't believe in deserting a ship unless you've got good reason for doing so. But Bill said it was all right, and that when we got the Queen to New York we could get her out of the custom house with the certificate the counsel gave us, and that if the custom house people wanted to see the surgeon's widow, we could hire old Sally, who kept a boarding-house in Cherry Street, to come and serve as widow long enough to satisfy everybody.

"Well, sir, I did as Bill said, for he knows a thing or two—that is, when he hasn't been running large for a week in port. We painted the name of the surgeon on the pine box, and marked it, 'Corpse, with Care. This side up,' and we shipped it aboard a Prince liner for New York, and shipped ourselves aboard the same ship as able seamen. Of course, this took money, but the surgeon had paid us off only a day before he was knocked over, and, besides, we sold a few bits of Hatasoo's gold in Cairo, though we didn't get anything like what it was worth. We both kept as straight as you please the whole time we were ashore, for we were pretending to be two

"We went across the river and pitched the tents Then we set to work digging in the sand, and it's the hottest work I ever did"

scientific chaps that had been excavating with the surgeon, and scientific chaps don't get drunk, so far as I ever knew. However, we calculated to make up for lost time on getting to New York.

"We had a long passage to New York, but we landed at last, and Bill and me let the corpse lie in the custom house for a couple of days, while we tried to get rid of the thirst that we had brought from Egypt. The third day we hunted up Sally, and went down to the custom house to get the Queen. She wasn't there. That counsel in Cairo had sent a copy of the certificate to the surgeon's widow, and she had turned up and taken possession of the corpse, and carried it off with her. All we could get was a wigging from the head custom house officer, who said he couldn't understand our game in trying to get unlawful possession of a corpse that didn't belong to us, but considering that we weren't more than half sober, he'd say nothing, provided we cleared out in double quick time.

"We had a good deal of trouble in tracking the widow and the corpse, but we did so at last. We found that she lived in a village about twenty miles from New York, and that she had carried the pine box home with her, and buried it in bang up style. The surgeon had been a popular man in the village, and doctored people free when he was ashore, and had command of the Sunday school. We found that the widow had ordered a big monument with reading on it, saying that 'Here lies Thomas Stark, and all the rest of it. And by this time that there monument has been up and lying for four good years.

"Now, sir, what can Bill and I do about it? There's our Queen Hatasoo, that I'm told would be worth fifty thousand dollars if she could be got hold of, lying buried under a false name, and doing no sort of good to anyone. We thought about digging her up on the sly, but the graveyard was so near the village that there wouldn't have been any chance of doing it without being caught. So we had to leave Hatasoo where the widow had put her, and considering that we didn't get but ten dollars for her jewels, though I don't doubt they were worth five hundred, we made a poor business of it. Now, if you can put Bill and me in the way of getting hold of the old lady again, we're prepared to go halves with you in anything that she may fetch."

"The coffin was made of wood covered with painted figures, and when we'd prised the lid off, there she lay"

The Consul was a sympathetic man and an ardent lover of antiquities. But he could see no way to assist the sailors to regain possession of the mummy. And to tell the truth, he had his doubts as to the whole affair, and when the sailors, on taking their leave, offered to sell their claim to the Consul for ten dollars, he was more than ever doubtful if either of them had ever seen a mummy, or had ever known a surgeon, except professionally.

Academy Pictures

(Second Supplement)

SONGS OF THE MORNING.

BY HENRIETTA RAE
(Mrs. E. Normand)

THE HEIRLOOM,

BY T. C. GOTCH

"The gems perennial lustre shed,
The wearer in a span is sped."

VOX POPULI.

BY E. BLAIR LEIGHTON

JOAN OF ARC,

BY JAMES SANT, R.A.

EARL BATHURST

BY WALTER W. OULESS, R.A.

C.R.SYKES

OUR SHORT STORY

THE BOOTS AT No. 40

By "RITA"

All down the long corridor of the Hotel the boots stood in rows or pairs. Sometimes large and small together, betokening matrimonial couples, sometimes only a single pair of either size. At one door the small boot of a child stood eloquently beside the guardianship of a No. 4: Woman's. (Very few modern women take anything smaller than No. 4 nowadays; twos and threes have gone out of fashion since hockey and golf and sport came *in*.) A man wandered down the dimly lit passage, with his room key in his hand. His eyes roved carelessly over the waiting ranks of shoe leather. Yet not so carelessly as to be unobservant, even to the noting of apparent uniform increase of size since youthful manhood had been his portion in life, and all the world had lain before him as an unexplored land of romance and hope.

His face was lined now, and bronzed by Eastern suns, and stamped with the sign-manual of hardships and endurance. The face of a man whose forty years were not borne lightly, and assuredly not reminiscent of ease or freedom from anxiety. There was humour in the eyes and about the lines of the mouth, and a keen alertness in the expression, as of one quick to note, and observe, and remember. So it was that life made constant stories for him. Even its simplest things were set in a gallery of living pictures, whence he helped himself to scene or incident or situation at the need or whim of the moment. For him, this long corridor, the closed doors, the waiting rows of boots, held a meaning. He pictured the hands that had placed them there, the life story of each individual unit. The passion, or grief, or joy, or ache in each heart as the door closed upon them. The happy or unhappy couples, dissimilar, perhaps, in nature as was that very footgear in shape and size. The happy child—heart expectant of a tramp through London streets on the morrow, asleep now beside the mother heart; protected by love and care, even as those No. 4's seemed to protect and hold in charge the smaller "1's" beside them. All such fancies were his as he passed slowly along, finally pausing before his own door.

He was just about to place the key in the lock when he glanced at the number. Then his eyes turned to the key in his hand. Its number was not the one on the door—No. 40. His room was the one adjoining, No. 41.

"Lucky I didn't put it in the lock. Might have startled somebody," he thought as he moved away.

His foot struck something. A boot. He bent down to replace it beside its fellow. How small it was and neat. How eloquent of the type of foot he remembered in those old days when Fours were considered an "extra" size, and Fives and Sixes impossible of acknowledgment.

Very carefully he put that slender, twelve-buttoned, Louis-heeled *bottine* down beside its fellow; then he opened his own door and let himself into the comfortable fire-lit bedroom he had ordered on his arrival that afternoon.

Very comfortable it looked, and specially inviting to one who had long been travelling and knocking about the world, as had been the fate of its present occupant. Julian Gray drew the chintz-covered easy chair up to the fire and threw himself back in it, after lighting a cigarette. All around silence reigned. It was half an hour since he had heard midnight strike from Big Ben, after supping at a restaurant. He thought of how he had loitered on the bridge and watched the lights of the Houses of Parliament flicker over the river; remembered, too, another loitering figure and a white desperate face that had looked up at him for an instant, and the impulse that had made him speak, and the pitiful story he had heard. He had saved a human soul that night. "Perhaps she would have been better off at the bottom of the river—after all," he thought now, as he sat and smoked, lazily content with the *bien-être* of the immediate moment. "I wonder if she will be grateful—to-morrow? Heavens alive! What sins and shames and tragedies a city holds. Beside what I have seen to-night the desert is a paradise of purity! . . . I wonder who are the worst offenders—women or men? I wonder if they suffer for us as they make us suffer for them——"

His thought ended abruptly to the sound of a sudden sob—a choking, passionate sob. Someone was weeping close at hand. Weeping in a pitiful, heart-broken way such as women have. Weeping in unhappiness and loneliness, with only a wall's dividing space between her misery and a fellow-creature's wonderment.

He sat very still; the cigarette burnt itself out unnoticed. His eye was resting on a door that divided his own apartment from that other.

"She is in No. 40," he told himself. And once again he seemed to hold in his hand the dainty boot of arched instep and slender shape. Did that pretty boot claim ownership to as pretty a personality? Was the owner maid, or wife, or widow? And what sorrow so racked and disturbed repose that she should lie weeping there, while peace and slumber waited on the midnight solitude? These questions tormented him. For above all else Julian Gray possessed the gift of sympathy, and had that strange knack of throwing himself into others joys and sorrows which often characterises the literary temperament. Nothing

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in life, however simple or humble was insignificant to him. Humanity possessed infinite charms as well as infinite variety. It seemed always capable of novel developments; always varying; always full of interest. Here was one of those interests. The mere accident of a choice of rooms, the mere observing of those dainty boots, had brought him into sudden acquaintance with an unknown sufferer. Each racking sob, each stifled murmur that came to his ear, touched him to keenest sympathy. He hated that a child or woman should suffer. It seemed to him unnecessary cruelty on the part of Fate. And to sit still and gaze at that door and be an unknown auditor of grief positively hurt him. He rose at last and pushed aside his chair making some noise of purpose. But the sobs were still audible. Unable to bear it any longer he knocked.

"Are you ill? Is anything the matter?" he asked brusquely.

There was a sudden dead silence.

He repeated the question. Then a faint husky voice murmured "No—o . . . . so—so sorry . . . . Toothache."

He gave a short laugh as he turned away. "So like me," he reflected. "Making tragedies out of pure bathos! Well, well, I wish her relief, poor soul, if only for the sake of those pretty feet!"

. . . . . .

The next morning as he sat in the coffee-room waiting for breakfast, Julian Gray examined the faces and general aspect of his fellow-breakfasters with considerable interest. He was trying to deduce facts from appearances—to discover the sufferer of the previous night in one of the commonplace or charming faces at or around the many tables.

There were pretty women and pretty girls. There was a charming widow with a little daughter of nine or ten years of age. They sat at the table next his own, and involuntarily he placed them as owners of the two pairs of boots about which he had woven a romance of protection. He thought how sweet a pair the owners made. How pleasant and fresh looked all these English faces after fourteen years' absence. But, with all his efforts, he could not establish the identity of the No. 40 occupant, the owner of those boots he had specially admired. Finally, he gave up the effort, and devoted himself to the substantial delights of an English breakfast. That finished, he sauntered up to his own room for a preparatory "brush up" ere leaving it for the day. Chambermaids were bustling about; doors in the long corridor were opening and shutting. Some full of revelations respecting feminine apparel, dress-boxes, portmanteaux. Others jealously closed against an intrusive glance. Involuntarily, his eye sought No. 40. It was ajar, and, as he passed, a chambermaid was speaking to the occupant. He heard a voice low, plaintive, vibrant; a voice that recalled some past and long banished memory. Involuntarily, he stopped, The surprised face of the chambermaid recalled him to his senses. With a muttered apology he passed on and entered his own room.

Yet that action was purely mechanical. For quite five minutes he stood before his dressing-mirror, utterly oblivious of purpose or interest, unconscious even of the fact that he was looking at his own face, for his heart was showing him another and a very different one; the face of a girl, her dark eyes drowned in tears, her mouth a grieved and quivering entreaty; wet cheeks, disordered hair. He started, and drew his hand swiftly across his own eyes.

"What has come over me! What in heaven's name should make me think of—her!"

With a short, angry laugh, he commenced his toilet for the street. That vigorous brushing of garments and hat and hair, and general noisy arrangement of boots flung off and on, so typical of manly patience with trifles!

There came no sound from the adjoining room, and when he repassed it the door was closed.

Once out in the streets, amidst the noise and traffic and crowds of busy London, Julian Gray thrust that haunting memory aside. He did not believe in coincidence, except as a useful tool in the novelist's workshop. Life itself, strenuous, purposeful human life, did not employ trickery for its complicated conjuring. Its effects were the *bonâ-fide* product of a special purpose; links in the chain of circumstances. Thus assuring himself, he faced the ordeals that at present made up the circumstance of his own presence here. They represented a successful career of journalism, and permitted him to claim the honours of an equally successful author.

He found Paternoster Row keenly aware of his existence and relative value; interested about future work; hopeful of his choice as special publisher, producer, or advertiser, when next that brilliant pen should furnish them with materials. Julian Gray was sincerely appreciative of such recognition. His work had been done abroad and sent home for publication. The absolute results and the recognition of his personal claims were sweet, by reason of novelty. He felt entitled to hold his head high amongst his fellows as he walked the streets; a handsome cheque in his pocket, and a banking account to his name. A certain elation and satisfaction gave brightness to his somewhat serious face. In youth it had never been youthful, boasting merely of a certain "clever ugliness" not without its charm to women, and esteemed far above mere handsomeness by men.

Time was at his own disposal to-day; he planned his hours to his own pleasure. A long absence from theatres sent him Strandwards that night, as on the previous night, and again it was after twelve o'clock before he was walking down that same corridor, and, also, found himself looking for those slender, dainty boots, as one looks for something grown familiar and friendly by mere force of custom. They were there, as on the previous night.

While repeating his programme of armchair and cigarette and reflection, Julian Gray instinctively kept ears alert for any sound in the adjoining room. That communicating door became a thing of vital interest. His eyes wandered from the evening paper in his hand to the closed and locked portal behind which lurked a mystery of sorrow and a memory re-awakened. Odd that such things should meet him on the threshold of this home-coming. Still more odd if——

His heart gave a sudden quick throb. Then his lips framed a contemptuous "Impossible!" Fancy played on the strings of Memory, and the laws of

Chance took up their say in the matter and argued "for," while common sense pleaded "against."

How long the trial went on was unimportant, for sleep seemed far removed from those wide, dreamful eyes that searched the map of speculations. Again, as on the previous night, he heard a faint, low sob. It was stifled by a valiant effort, and for a time all was silent. He, on his side, kept very still also. Presently he heard the sound of tearing papers, a monotonous, irritating sound. He lit a fresh cigarette, and pursued other fancies into realms of improbability.

Again his attention was arrested. This time by a smell of burning. Sounds of confusion followed. He heard a chair overturned, hurry-scurry of feet, the hiss of water on fire. Then a volume of smoke swept through the cracks and apertures of that dividing door. He sprang to his feet, and rapped at it loudly.

"Is your room on fire?" he thundered. "What is the meaning of all this smoke?"

Then came a frightened cry. The door was unlocked. He was conscious of a vivid light, a woman's terrified face!

He pushed her within his own room and rushed into hers. A mass of papers was burning on the floor. They seemed to have fallen out of the grate and in doing so had set fire to the window curtains, which were of hanging flimsy muslin. The proximity of fireplace to window was partly responsible for the accident. With the readiness of one to whom danger is quickly realisable, and resource an instinct, Julian Gray tore down the flimsy muslin, crushed it into the grate, and snatching up the woollen hearthrug, threw it on the top of all and stifled the flames. In another moment all danger was over, and the fire extinct. The smell of smoke and burning was painfully evident, but the adjoining room to No. 40 was unoccupied, and Julian Gray's own room was the only additional sufferer. His rapid glance around showed him no further danger or damage and he threw the window open to clear the air. Then he turned to the shivering figure standing by the communicating door.

"It's all right now," he said cheerfully. "And I'm thankful we haven't alarmed the hotel. How did you do it?"

"I was burning some letters and papers," she said. "And suddenly a paper blew out and the next thing I saw was a sheet of flame running up alongside the window. Then——"

She paused. He was looking at her intently. At her dead white face, her wide brown frightened eyes, the streaks of grey in the loosened hair. His glance wandered to the little slippered feet, then claimed and held her own eyes. Their terror faded into a sudden joy, timorous and childlike; born of quick recognition of something long hoped for, and yet—impossible.

"You are Julian Gray!" she cried faintly.

"And you?" he said hoarsely. "You are . . . My God! it's not possible—it can't be!"

He made no movement to touch or greet her. Only looked and looked, and looked again—yet always half incredulous and wholly shocked by change such as rendered almost unrecognisable the beauty and gladness of a once joyous girlhood.

"Monica," he cried at last. "Surely—surely——"

He could say no more.

Such a world of memories—such a host of things pitiful and pitiable, sad and mad, hateful and happy, surged up within his heart, and rolled on waves of sympathy to hers, that speech seemed a vague and hopeless channel for their release.

"Yes—I am Monica," she said, and that vibrant, touching note in her voice set every nerve of memory a-quiver with mingled joy and pain. She smiled faintly and pushed back the thick, soft hair from her temples.

"You would not have known me again. I see it in your eyes. I am not surprised. Fourteen years of suffering ——"

He made a hasty gesture.

"Was it *that*? The life you chose, the life for which I was cast aside, forgotten——"

"It was not the life I *chose*," she said very low. "I told you I could not help myself. I was obliged to obey."

"Well, well," he said bitterly. "It is an old story. Why recall it? I am pleased I have been of service to you to-night, but honestly you cannot expect me to say I am pleased at discovering to *whom* I have played rescuer. I have long years of hardship, poverty, exile, to forget—first."

Her lips quivered, but, with an effort at self-command, she kept back the threatened tears.

"It is so strange," she faltered, "to meet like this—again"

"It is not at all strange," he said somewhat harshly, "for the things we never wish for are always the things to fall to us. The undesired is always the 'unexpected that happens.'" I only returned from banishment yesterday. I came here by pure chance. I——" he paused abruptly. "Why were you crying last night?"

Her pale face crimsoned. She stammered out some vague confession of pain, but he knew that no mere physical suffering had caused that grief or wrung from her those piteous sobs. It would have been ungenerous to press her for the truth, so he professed himself satisfied.

Then that strange sense of the proprieties, of rules to be observed, of other opinions on unconventional behaviour swept over them both. She became conscious of a dressing-gown, he of slippers and a smoking jacket; both—of the lateness of the hour, the overthrown barriers of communication. He stepped aside, and motioned her to enter. The smoke was gone now, the room habitable.

She tried again to thank him, but before the coldness and hardness of his face, her courage failed. She had always been weak and timorous, had Monica St. George. So, with a few stammered words, she passed from room to room, and he, watching, saw the door close slowly; surely very, very slowly—as though the guiding hand were reluctant to complete a new banishment. Then, suddenly, how or why he never knew, and never cared to ask himself, an impulse swept him from the frozen calm of his standpoint to the tremulous current of hers.

"Stop—one moment!" he cried. And the door was held ajar, and the sweet face, so mournful, so

tragically sad, looked back to his own. Something, too, of the girl he remembered looked back through those brown eyes, and in the memory they awakened, his soul melted, and grew pitiful.

"Why did you break my heart, Monica?" he said slowly.

Her head drooped. She had waited on this moment for years. Waited to explain, to extenuate, and yet the opportunity found her speechless.

"Promised to me," he went on, "my hope, my joy in exile, and then—that cruel letter, your marriage. Where is the man who stole you from me?"

"Dead," she said in a stiff, breathless way, as she clasped her trembling hands together. "Dead—three years ago."

He looked at her down-bent head and those quivering fingers. "Poor child," he muttered involuntarily. "Then—that was your grief——"

"My grief!" She raised her head and looked at him with something of defiance, of shame, of desperation, but certainly not of regret.

"My God!" she cried. "If you only knew what my life has been; of the shame, the misery, the humiliation——"

"Was it—so bad? I am sorry. I thought you happy. At least you had this world's good things, Monica. It was better than waiting on the fortunes of a poor struggling journalist!"

"You knew what my people were," she said. "I was forced, tormented, persecuted. And then came threatened disgrace to my father, and he told me I alone could save him and so—and so——"

"I know," he said. "I have used the subject a dozen times. It cannot boast of novelty; only of individual treatment."

"I was only a girl," she said. "And you know I never had much courage; so I gave in—at last.'

She shuddered. "I have so longed to ask your pardon, Julian, for that cruel letter. But I knew that only by persuading you I was worthless could I make you give me up."

"Oh, my dear," he said pitifully. "Is that true? Hadn't you more belief in me?"

"I never heard from you—again," she went on brokenly. "And then I knew I must have offended you beyond all pardon. And yet——"

She came a step nearer, and a sob broke from her.

"And yet it seems as if Fate had planned this for us," he interpolated. "I saw your little boots outside your door last night, Monica, and with or without my will I was back in memory with you; treading the old ways, re-living the sweet hours. I sat here and dreamt and thought of you, and then I heard that piteous sobbing and—well, I *had* to speak, even though I pictured a stranger's grief. Not in my wildest dreams yours, Monica, or you! Why were you grieving so? For the sake of that dead man?"

He paused. They were closer to each other now, and in that moment neither thought of conventionalities or proprieties, or any one of those cold foolish barriers that civilisation has raised between human hearts and all they most crave and most desire—yet would deny.

"I was weeping for you, Julian," she said, quite simply. "I had seen your name in the papers that very morning. I—I could not sleep, or rest. I was tired of suffering. The years had been so long."

"Yes," he said. "About a million of them, I think."

"She looked up—smiling through her tears.

"That was so like the old Julian," she said.

Then for a few seconds neither spoke.

His voice asked the next question.

"Why were you burning those letters to-night? Were they—his?"

"*His*—no! They were yours, Julian. I had kept them so long; always going to destroy them, yet could not bring myself to do it. And, then, as I was leaving England, it seemed——"

"Leaving England! Why—and when?"

"To-morrow," she faltered. "I—I am going out to South Africa as a nurse."

He looked at her. She saw his mouth tighten, and a light leap into his eyes.

"You poor little woman," he said. "Why, *you* want someone to nurse and comfort and look after you! A nurse—preposterous! We will talk it over to-morrow, Monica—you and I."

She drew back a step, white and trembling. "It is the only thing left for me to do. I am poor, very poor, Julian. I have had to earn my own living. He gambled away all his fortune. Nothing was left, and I was not sorry altogether, for everything belonging to that time held some shame—some horror."

"Ah, don't speak of it, don't think of it," he cried passionately. "Let us make the best of what remains, dear heart. Since I have not forgotten you, nor you me, and Fate has played so clever a trick for our joint benefit, surely we cannot pretend indifference any longer. Tell me you will come back to me, Monica. Let all this horrible past be buried—and forgotten."

"You can't mean it," she said. "Why I am so changed. . . . I have grown old. . . . My hair is white."

He laughed, and put his arms about the slender figure, and drew the maligned head down upon his breast and kissed it as it rested there.

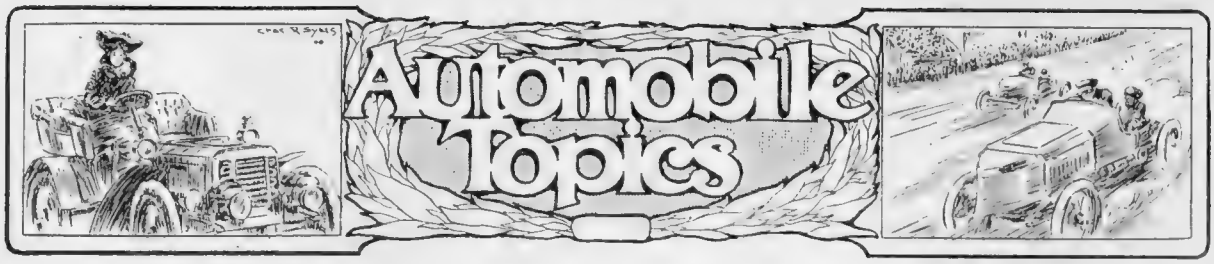
"I only know I can't part from you again, Monica," he whispered. "It cost me enough before. . . . One doesn't pay such a price twice in a lifetime. You have fourteen years to make up to me. You had best begin at once!"

DOROTHY!

Doth she, doth she love me? By the stars above me
I can never say!
Merriest of Misses, she will *blow* me kisses
All a summer's day!
But when I in rapture try her *lips* to capture,
She will run away!

Dorothy's delicious! Dorothy's capricious
As the April skies!
Love *will* tell his story in the azure glory
Of her laughing eyes.
Saucy little sinner! *I* can never win her,
And I waste my sighs.

F. B. Doveton.



Purchasing a Car, Act I.

One would imagine, from reading the advertisements, especially those in the motor press, that the easiest thing in the world, the necessary cash being in hand, would be to buy a motor-car. There is no greater delusion. The usual routine is somewhat as follows :

The prospective purchaser, after having carefully consulted everybody of his acquaintance from whom he would be at all likely to extract any information, commits himself and his fortunes to some probably, more or less, well-known make, and so hies him to the depôt, where he conceives that he will come face to face with the article of which he is in search and is at once met by a rebuff. There may possibly be a sample vehicle or two to be seen, but these are more than likely of some earlier type, and not as stated in the "bold advertisement," and so he is immediately entertained by being shown a goodly number of picture-books, and the most courteous and obliging manager assures him of "early delivery" of the greatly desired article, eases him of a cheque for one-third of total value, "deposit on the order" (merely as a guarantee of good faith), and with this trifling formality the curtain falls on Act I.

By Motor-cycle from Paris to Bordeaux and Back

M. Gaudichart, the timekeeper in the recent great motor-cycle race, planting his flag at the winning post at Champigny, eight miles from Paris

Act II.

All this is very nice, as far as it goes, but in the course of time the customer grows restive. As an example, a friend of mine having had a good offer for his old car, took it, "placed the order" for the new one, and was promised the aforesaid early delivery in three weeks. Two months have now elapsed, and, as far as the makers have got yet, is to mount the engine on the *chassis* and piously desiderate the advent of the carburettor from Paris, spring slipping into summer the while. There is no remedy; the seller has the money, the buyer *has* nothing, and there being no contract "made or implied," he can *do* nothing. Weary weeks mount into months, and some day, when almost all hope has been abandoned, the car may arrive. Nor is this all. Another friend of mine brought a *chassis* at one of the recent shows. There it stood—"for sale," £100 deposit to be paid down to clinch the bargain, "balance on delivery when the show was closed." But no car materialised. Something wrong with the works—getting a new part from the factory—by-and-by it turned up—with tyres, as agreed, but *such* tyres. The owner said he wanted best Michelins, which were forwarded, with a bill for £35 and a notification that £16 would be allowed for the original tyres. Swindle No. 1.—What sort of "best" tyres are they on which a value of £16 is set? In the original bargain *any* best tyres were agreed on. I have bought a horse from a gipsy horse coper at a fair and held my own *far* better that this poor sufferer did in getting a motor-car from an apparently respectable firm in London.

Odd Business Methods

I humbly inquire, Would any person out of Bedlam buy any article on *earth*—except a motor-car—on these lines? Such a system of business is simply rotten. It used to obtain in the bad old days of the bicycle craze, but things righted themselves, as they are apt to do when vicious methods of finance are in vogue, and so they will here—later on. Anybody who has got a five-pound note can go into the motor business apparently, hire an office on credit, get some picture-books of automobiles, take orders which he has not really the faintest idea if he can execute, and so has a short and sweet slide down the slippery slope which in the end shoots him into the gutter of insolvency. One can hardly take up a

The Paris-Bordeaux-Paris Motor-cycle Race: M. Olieslagers Comes in First on His Minerva, being Over Two Hours Ahead of the Second Man

newspaper without reading of some firm going into liquidation. People want motor-cars, and want them badly, at a moderate price for a sound article, but the whole movement seems so disorganised by the endless bawlings of vendors of *nouveautés de Paris*, that the standardised and legitimate automobile seems as intangible and as far away as ever. For the present, by far the best way is to deal with old established firms, who have actual motor-cars *for sale*, that one can pick out of stock and try. Otherwise, venturing into the market just now is rather like entering a hornets' nest. But I suppose the demand exceeds the supply, and this accounts for all this state of flux.

The 1904 Mercédès

However, there are plenty of good cars if one only knows where to look for them, and at 34, Shaftesbury Avenue, I have just been having a good examination of that vehicle exceeding magnifical, the Mercédès of 1904. One is often apt to imagine that a car like this, which may, perhaps, without any undue exaggeration, be termed the finest motor-car in the world, "best of the best," as indeed it is, would be remarkable for its extreme complexity. It is not so, and it is somewhat noteworthy that in this, the very latest example of Continental tip-top motor building, the variable lift to the inlet valves is definitely abandoned, the ordinary mechanically opened valve being adopted. This car is of a nominal horse-power of 18, but is guaranteed to run up to 28, so is reasonably described as 18-28 h.-p. Where prime cost is not the chief consideration, it would be difficult to mention any automobile better constructed, and both in the matter of speed capacity combined with simplicity of design more calculated to give general satisfaction than this. His Majesty the King has recently received one of these particular cars, and the *élite* of the motor world have, in considerable numbers, followed His Majesty's example.

Spare Parts

The very first consideration in purchasing a motor-car, and one that should be definitely adhered to is, that it should be "standardised" and have all spare parts easily obtainable, and this is another very strong reason for adopting a British built vehicle. In buying a car of foreign make one is left entirely in the hands of the importers of it, and, although these usually keep a good supply, still, there is just the chance that they may not; moreover, the prices of some of these are often simply exorbitant. As is well known, every motorist is just a perambulating gold mine, to be plundered by all and sundry, and if he wants, say, a spare exhaust valve spindle, let him pay for it—through the nose. This article is a piece of ordinary iron about four inches long, about as thick as a quill pen, with a mushroom head as large as a florin, and, if made by the hundred by machinery, might perhaps cost threepence, and so the amateur is quite prepared to pay three shillings for it, or even thirteen shillings, rather than go without it, but when it comes to thirty shillings—as the late rare old Joe Capp used to say, when confronted with any objectionable proposition, "'Ere, *wheer's* my a-a-aat."

C. J. Mahon.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Dates of the Championships

My friend, the Editor of *Golf Illustrated*, has lately suggested that some change should be made in the dates of the two Championships. He contends, and I think very rightly contends, that the two great golfing events of the year should never be held, as they will be this year, in the space of three weeks, leaving the rest of the year, so to speak, blank. He would like one Championship to be held in the spring and the other in the early autumn. The enormous numbers that enter for the open event would, as he now recognises, render it impossible to carry through the first day's play with enough light for the last couples in September, unless the first couple started at some unearthly early hour in the morning. The editor therefore thinks that the open event should be held in the spring and the Amateur meeting in the autumn. I should say that the better plan would be to have the Amateur Championship early in May, and the Open late in June or July. There would then be no difficulty about light, and you would have at least two months between the two events.

An Unequal Division

The reason for the two Championships being played on the same course this year lies in the fact that there are five links on which the competitions are played, three Scottish and two English, and, in order to give the English courses a fair share of the rotation, each English course once in every four years has to have the two events played on it in the same year, Sandwich this year, Hoylake again in 1906, and Sandwich again in 1908, and so on. Possibly the clubs governing the Championships have not cared to face the difficulty of selecting another English course (which would equalise matters), on account of the claims of Westward Ho to inclusion in the sacred circle, and the objections of the Northerners to a course so remote and inaccessible from their point of view. *Quâ* course, Westward Ho, not only on account of its historical standing, but also of its intrinsic excellence, has the first call among English extra-Championship courses. Founded in the early sixties, the Royal North Devon Club has been famous in more modern times for the production of two outstanding figures in amateur and professional golf. Links that can give birth to two such players as Horace Hutchinson and J. H. Taylor must indeed be in the first flight, while countless other players of the first rank have learned their golf on the same admirable course.

Queer Incidents in Matches

During the Oxford and Cambridge match at Woking the other day, one of the Oxonians, in approaching the hole, landed his ball on top of the club house. Undismayed by this occurrence, the intrepid player scrambled on to the roof, and from that dizzy eminence played his ball so well that he managed to secure a half of a hole that was seemingly lost. As the main match was only won by Oxford by a very small margin, this incident had an appreciable bearing on the result of the contest. The affair creates horrid possibilities for the future. One can imagine some blameless middle-aged golfer enjoying his tea after his second round and being disturbed by the irruption of a golf-ball through the front window of the club sitting-room, the ball perhaps landing among his tea-things. Soon after the ball the player enters and claims to play his shot back through the window, regardless of tea, middle-aged golfer, or club property. I draw a veil over the scene. Seriously, though, would it not be better to regard club houses as being out of bounds, and not to allow players to invade the sacred precincts, whether their ball be on the roof, the veranda, or other part of the house?

Some "Tall" but True Tales

In the old days at St. Andrews, many a queer stroke has been played on the medal course in the last two holes. I well remember, in a three-ball match, one of my adversaries sliced his ball at the seventeenth hole on to the roof of Messrs. Forgan's timber shed at the corner of the wall. My other adversary and I were proceeding calmly on after our second shots, thinking the third man had given up the hole. Suddenly we heard a tremendous clatter, accompanied by a stentorian "fore," and a ball whizzed on to the course not far from us. Then we looked round, and saw a figure on the top of the shed, and recognised our friend, who had anticipated the recent feat of the Oxonian, and had played his ball off the corrugated iron roof. Another queer incident happened at Hoylake during a foursome in which I was playing. We were just holing out when we heard a shout of "fore," and my partner gave an exclamation. Then, coming up to me, he showed me a ball lodged in his breast coat pocket which had been played, a full brassie shot, by one of the party following us, who had struck his shot before we had had time to clear off the green. I know I lay myself open to the remark of the American, who, on hearing a very tall story, remarked, "Well, I thought I was a pretty good liar, but I'm going out of the business now," by recounting this extraordinary event. But that shot really did happen, and the ball did lodge in my partner's pocket without hurting him in the least.

Ernest Lehmann

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Far Eastern Impressions." By Ernest F. G. Hatch, M.P. Notes of recent journeyings in Japan, Korea, and China. Illustrated. (Hutchinson: 6*s.* net.)

"Fifty Years of an Actor's Life." By John Coleman. 2 vols. Illustrated. (Hutchinson: 24*s.* net.)

"Personal Reminiscences of the First Duke of Wellington." By the late Rev. R. G. Gleig, Chaplain-General. (Blackwood: 15*s.* net.)

"The Khedive's Country: The Nile Country and its Products." Edited by G. Manville Fenn. Illustrated. (Cassell: 5*s.*)

NEW FICTION

"Nature's Comedian: A Novel." By W. E. Norris. (Longmans: 6*s.*)

"Fort Amity." By A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Murray: 6*s.*)

"Brothers: The True History of a Fight Against Odds." By Horace Vachell. (Murray: 6*s.*)

"The Voice in the Desert." By Pauline B. Mackie. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

The Drolleries of Max

"The Poet's Corner." By Max Beerbohm. (Wm. Heinemann: 5*s.*)

In obedience to the Spirit of the Age, Mr. Beerbohm, the great caricaturist, has created a corner in poets. Let us hope that he will soon have the market under his control. With his customary tact, Mr. Beerbohm has chosen the merrie month of May in which to float his venture, and he has produced the first classic on the new sport introduced by The Bystander of Spring Poet shooting. Armed with a tender ignorance of the art of drawing, and, according to the cover of his book, with a bull's-eye lantern, whose rays penetrate not only the surface but the soul, he has stepped in where angels fear to tread, and has perpetuated his observations in line and slight washes of colour. His charming disrespect for certain poets shows an intimate knowledge of their complete works; never before has Wordsworth been pilloried so truthfully, never before has Mr. Kipling been truly appreciated in so few lines. The peace of Parnassus is, no doubt, rudely broken by the invasion of this truthful gentleman. Homer is not spared, nor Shakespeare—Baconians may indeed rejoice—and the voice of the lovers of Coleridge will be hushed. The work bears, on the whole, the stamp of a sort of impish gravity which makes it more humorous. This is the best of Mr. Beerbohm, and such a best is better than the best best of many of his betters. Many people who have been in the past aggravated by Mr. Beerbohm's caricatures, regarding them as meaningless drolleries, will be converted by this book, at which the timid will be abashed, the learned will smile, the very learned will rock with joy. As for the poets, their glory has departed.

"Earth of our Earth"

"The Essential Kafir." By A. Dudley Kidd. (Black. London: 1904, 18*s.*)

Mr. Kidd's book appears at an opportune moment, when the race question in South Africa is assuming a serious aspect. It is, of course, a truism to state that a lower race must first be understood by its rulers before it can be successfully governed; but though a truism, it is equally true that nearly all troubles between white men and natives have arisen from misunderstandings, chiefly due to the fact that the former have, through ignorance or contempt, neglected the small prejudices of the latter; and, after all, it is the small prejudices which are the most important all the world over. The most interesting portions of the book, therefore, are those dealing with the psychology of the native. Mr. Kidd is right in standing up for the Kafir as a rational being. In dealing with all savages, to stigmatise any custom as silly or immoral argues ignorance on the part of the observer. The savage is always logical in his argument, and does nothing without a reason, but the weakness of his reasoning lies in the fact that his premises are unsound. The *post hoc* and the *propter hoc* are frequently confused, and the animistic tendency, present in all primitive races, leads him to endow the material world with the attributes of the spiritual. Consequently, when confronted with a civilisation of which he has never before dreamed he falls into mistakes, natural under the circumstances, but which appear absurd to those acquainted with the real facts of the case:

When the Matabele first saw a locomotive at Buluwayo, that ancient fortress of heathenism, they declared that it was a large animal which fed on fire; that it hated work—else why did it scream before it moved?—and that it suffered badly from malaria. Did not the white doctor pour medicine into it whenever it groaned? . . . . More laughable still is the incident which happened in another tribe. When the first waggon appeared in their midst, the people of the kraals all turned out to see the new wonder—a hut which moved on wheels. Mile after mile the people clapped hands and cheered the little wheels, which seemed to form the centre of attraction. On being asked what they saw in the small wheels to make them so excited, they replied that they thought it was so plucky of them to be able to keep up with the large ones.

The manners and customs of the South African from birth to death are systematically sketched, and will afford a good deal of interest and amusement. As a trencherman, the nigger is hard to beat:

Bunu, the late king of Swazie-land, once said to his warriors, "Which of my men can eat the most?" A great strapping

fellow whom I knew said that he could. Thereupon the king gave him a quarter of an ox. No one else volunteered to beat him at this work. The fellow sat up all night eating, and, as the sun rose in the morning the meat was gone, and he was breaking the bone to get the marrow out! Then the King declared he was the best man in the kingdom.

As to drinking beer, the *Bier-König* of a German *Mensur* would be out of it with a Kafir. From the nigger as a Falstaff to the nigger as a Napoleon is not such a far cry as it might appear, and it is interesting to note what the native, who has the reputation of being a lazy and irresponsible animal, can become under an iron-hard discipline, such as that imposed by the great Chaka. After all, it is strength, whether of will or arm, or merely digestion, which appeals most forcibly to primitive peoples, and the chief who is strong meets with all the extravagant respect of which savage nature is capable. An amusing instance of excessive adulation is the following. Bunu, the Swazie King mentioned before once

Went out hunting with a hundred warriors, and after a whole day's effort he managed to kill one miserable little hare. Yet the Court Praiser ran in front of the King, calling out, "Bunu, the King of the Swazies, the Chief of Chiefs, has killed a hare. Let all the people listen: it was as big as an ox, as fierce as a lion, and as swift as a buck. The brave King Bunu killed the hare all alone. He killed it with his assegai. . . . Without any help the king has killed the hare. It was as terrible as a tiger, as large as an elephant; its eyes were flames of fire; and yet Bunu the great king has killed the hare." This long rigmarole was then repeated *ad nauseam* while the king followed behind with great gravity.

The beliefs and folklore of the natives are well illustrated, and also their rich proverbial philosophy. In the first there is betrayed an occasional cynicism which is quite up to date. For instance, the legend that the world was made by some spirit with his left hand, hence its many imperfections. The author in his preface states that he does not treat his subject from an anthropological point of view, and, indeed, when he does attack questions of pure anthropology he occasionally makes mistakes, as, for instance, when he says that a certain custom points to a time "when polyandry ruled the market, or at least when men were in great request." The two cases are of course mutually exclusive; where polyandry is practised men are invariably at a discount. But in spite of occasional slips the book will be of considerable use to anthropologists, besides being highly interesting to the general reader. A special feature of the book is the perfection of its illustrations, which are beyond praise. In conclusion, we may add Mr. Kidd's excellent summary of the Kafir: "Their nature is well rooted in red earth; and if we do not like to look on them as bone of our bone, they are certainly earth of our earth, and claim kinship with us through the lowest strands of our animal nature." T. A. J.

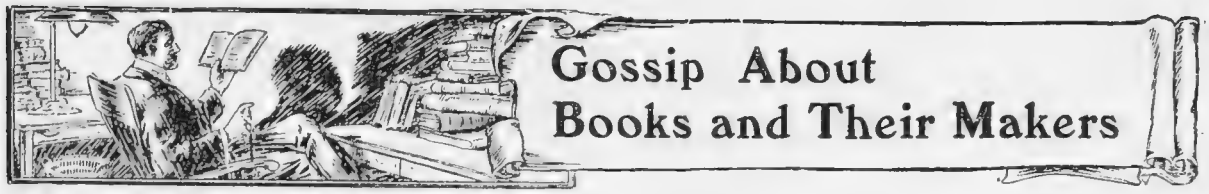
Books to Appear Shortly

To serve before the mast seems almost to be one of the stepping stones to success in the literary life nowadays. Joseph Conrad, Morley Roberts, and F. T. Bullen are only a few of the names one might mention in support of this theory, and to-morrow a new candidate appears in the shape of Albert Sonnichen, able seaman, who is publishing a book through Messrs. Methuen entitled "Deep Sea Vagabonds." This is described as a narrative tale of voyages made to all parts of the world, in ships ranging from a rotten hulk, condemned by the Board of Trade, to a smart and fast sailing ship. One of the surprising things in the book is the statement that "Clark Russell is not a favourite among the people of whom he writes."

A voyager of another kind was John Macgregor, popularly known at one time as "Rob Roy." This, of course, was not the Highland freebooter of earlier days, but the man who probably did more than anyone else to encourage canoeing in this country, and who also, by way of contrast, founded the Shoeblack Brigade. He launched his canoe, the *Rob Roy*, in the summer of 1865, and his long, lonely travels with it in various parts of the world soon made him famous. Macgregor's lectures and books on the subject were wonderfully successful. Altogether they brought him in £10,000, and with splendid generosity he devoted the whole of these profits to the many schemes of philanthropy with which he was connected. His best known work, "The *Rob Roy* on the Jordan," has been out of print for some years, but a welcome reprint is shortly to be published by Mr. Murray. The book describes Macgregor's most adventurous voyage, which took him through the Red Sea to Palestine and Egypt and the waters of Damascus. Adventures, it is worth adding, began uncommonly early in John Macgregor's career, for as a baby he was outward-bound in the *Kent*, East Indiaman, when she took fire in the Bay of Biscay, and he was the first to be handed out of that luckless ship.

A two guinea volume about the moon, which Mr. Murray also promises, will be mainly remarkable for its photographs. These were taken in Jamaica by an astronomical party from Harvard College, in charge of Professor Pickering, and they photographed the moon, apparently, as it had never been photographed before. The peculiar craters, the mountains and valleys, and the various other formations of our fascinating neighbour are shown, we are told, with unexpected distinctness. The author of the book is the professor himself, who gives a summary of the existing knowledge of the moon.

Mr. Horace Hutchinson is best known, perhaps, as the holder of the Amateur Championship of golf during the first two years of its institution (1886-87), and as the author of several of the most successful books that have been written about that game. But he has also contributed several excellent books to general literature, including one, quite recently, on the New Forest. His latest work is a novel, entitled "Glencairly Castle," which Messrs. Smith, Elder are publishing. The love interest is strong, and, as was to be expected from Mr. Hutchinson, there are many incidents of a sporting character, and much country lore.



Aids to "Realism"

There has been very little in the papers of late about the doings of Maxim Gorky, who two years ago was paragraphed as persistently as Tolstoy himself. But judging by the photograph which appears on the next page, the celebrated Russian novelist seems to be enjoying himself! I venture to think this curious picture illustrates more than meets the eye. It is a photographic register of the mimic hanging of a man — an operation performed for Gorky to note certain details from the view-point of the literary artist. But it happens that this phenomenally successful novelist is the very opposite of an artist, and the poorest things he has written have resulted from his having come to believe himself a craftsman of letters. The idea of this mock hanging affording such a man the slightest particle of inspiration is too absurd to be entertained for a moment; but when a publisher has offered him £16,000 for the right to issue an illustrated edition of his works, we can imagine an ex-tramp cherishing many foolish notions about himself and his work. His success was due mainly to the brutal truth with which he described "things seen" in his own vagrant life, and not to any innate or cultivated literary art. "I have tramped all over Russia,' he said once. "Where have I not been! What have I not suffered! What kind of work have I not done!" In telling of his own sufferings he has achieved greatness; but in attempting, as he has done in some of his later books, to write of people and things beyond his ken he has failed completely. The best reason he ever gave for his best work, was that "he wrote when he was indignant about something." I cannot imagine him indignant at the pretended hanging of the lout in our photograph; indeed, he appears to find it funny! I remember Mr. Zangwill confessing that, when writing one of his books, and endeavouring to conjure up a somewhat Arctic atmosphere, he imported blocks of ice into his studio! All such aids to realism are surely false to literature, which is the expression of remembered or imagined experiences of the soul.

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, of "Captain Kettle" Fame

Maxim Gorky

There are four thousand ways of spelling the name Shakespeare. I should not be surprised if there were half a million ways of spelling Gorky's real name, for to-day I have counted more than twenty in various writings about him. Like most Russian authors, he uses a pseudonym, "Gorky" being the Russian for "bitter," which expresses his experience of life up to the time when, by writing of it, he suddenly became the pet of the Russian reading public. The son of a poor tradesman named Pjeschkow (or something like that) he ran away from his grandfather's home at Nijni Novgorod when a lad of ten, and turned his hand to a variety of occupations, from painting the images of saints to wood-chopping. In 1888, when he was twenty, he attempted suicide by shooting himself, but he was no more successful in this effort than in his early struggles to gain an honest (more or less) living. He had been taught the rudiments of letters, however, and had developed a great passion for reading, though those who are capable of studying his works in his native tongue tell us that his language is crude and totally lacking in distinction. His first story was accepted by a newspaper in 1893, but since then his love of the vagabond life he lived so long has reasserted itself more than once. On the whole, I have a suspicion that a considerable part of his success has sprung from the fact that fashionable

Russia has taken him up as an interesting sort of savage.

The Puff Unscrupulous

There is a certain young author, who, two years ago, wrote a volume of poetry which I do not suppose a score of people ever read. But I remember a long and fulsome review of it appearing in a daily newspaper; a review which would have been high praise for Tennyson or Swinburne. Only the other day I had this explained to me by a journalist conversant with the facts. The review was written by a friend of the poet, who had not even handled a copy of the book! I am persuaded that this is an exceptional case, but it is no new thing, as I recall a passage in the autobiography of Mary Howitt, which indicates that eighty years ago the same kind of unscrupulous reviewing was not unknown. The Howitts seem to have been as solicitous of favourable reviews as some of our present authors are, and Mrs. Howitt was almost as assiduous in her efforts to this end as the late W. E. Henley, but, on discovering that a journalist who wrote a splendid notice of one of her books had not taken the trouble to read it, her faith in reviewers was somewhat shaken. I have always held that when Sir Walter Besant urged "that the reviewer shall read the book," he encouraged adverse criticism. A "slating" review is always evidence that the critic has at least read the book.

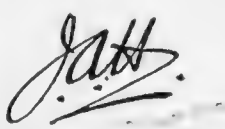
The Realism of Maxim Gorky
The author superintends the hanging of a dummy figure in order to give a realistic tinge to his new novel

Mr. Max Beerbohm

Touching this point of writing about books one has not read, I find a paragraph in a morning daily announcing Mr. Max Beerbohm's new collection of caricatures, in which he travesties a number of our poets. The writer wonders if Max will give Mr. Chesterton a place in his gallery, and goes on to say: "He should, if only in gratitude for having been created 'Napoleon of Notting Hill.'" Now the literary gentleman who wrote this paragraph evidently had not read Mr. Chesterton's diverting novel, or he would have known that Mr. Beerbohm sat for the portrait of King Auberon, and not for that of the equally fantastic Adam Wayne.

Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne

To-day is the thirty-eighth birthday of the creator of that universal favourite, "Captain Kettle." Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne is as unlike the typical literary man as one can imagine, his six feet three of height and splendid physique giving no remote suggestion of nights at the desk. But although he has produced, in the last twelve years, something like a score of novels and books of travel, he has done little burning of the midnight oil, as he is one of the fortunate few who can settle to write anywhere and under almost any conditions. He is an inveterate roamer of strange lands, and as he reckons to travel at least ten thousand miles of new ground every year, there must be long periods when his home at Bradford is tenantless; for his wife often accompanies him on his wanderings. In this way his books have been written in all sorts of strange quarters, some of his later "Kettle" stories having been produced in adventurous circumstances while in the Atlas Mountains, which, as we know, despite the valiant efforts of Tartarin of Tarascon, are still the haunt of lions and other beasts of prey. Lately he has taken to automobilism, and I believe he is capable even of exercising his fountain pen on behalf of fiction readers while spinning along the dusty highway! His first book, "The New Eden," was published twelve years ago, but he had written a good deal for the magazines, and had already travelled widely between the time of his graduating at Cambridge and his first appearance as a novelist.



The People who feel the Pinch of the War

A Russian Peasant Group in Winter

Maxim Gorky, who has been successively a painter of icons, a peddler of kvass, a scullery boy, gardener, watchman, and baker's apprentice, has varied his many occupations with long stretches of "tramping," and it is to his vivid descriptions of the joys and sorrows of peasant-life, and of the poverty and crime of his country, that his popularity as a novelist is due

TYPES OF CHARACTERS PORTRAYED BY MAXIM GORKY

BRIDGE

Our Fifth Fortnightly Competition

No Long-drawn-Out Scheme—One Hand Only.

The Bystander offers its readers three prizes every other week for the best solutions of the play of the different hands which will be set out on this page.

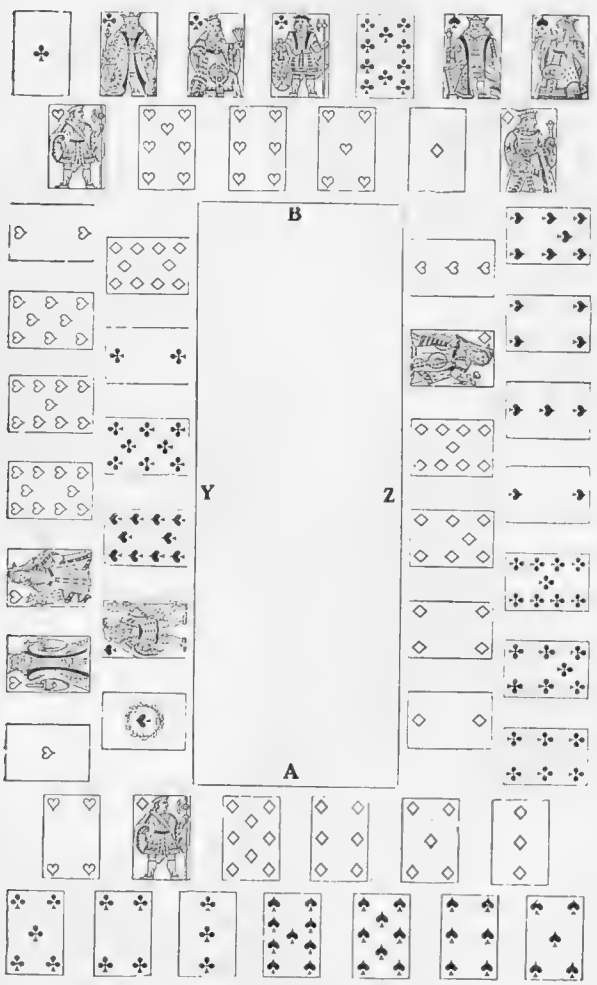
1st Prize	**£3**	**3**	**0**
2nd Prize	**£2**	**2**	**0**
3rd Prize	**£1**	**1**	**0**

All solutions to the hand given this week must reach the office of The Bystander not later than the first post on Friday, May 20.

For a change, and to please some of our competitors, we give this week a hand at four-handed bridge. It must be played as if only Dummy were exposed.

THE HAND.

Ordinary Bridge.



Score: Love-all.

A deals and leaves the declaration to B, who declares no-trumps.
Y doubles, B redoubles.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

1. No entrance fee is required.

2. When you have worked out your solution of the play of the hand, cut out the coupon on page viii. at the end of the paper, write your full name and address, your *nom de guerre*, or initials, in the spaces provided for them, pin the coupon to your solution, and enclose them in an envelope addressed as follows:

"BYSTANDER" FORTNIGHTLY BRIDGE COMPETITION
The Bridge Editor, The Bystander, Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C.

3. In the event of a competitor wishing to send in more than one solution of the play of any hand, he must pin another coupon to each different solution. No one competitor may send in more than a dozen solutions.

4. If a competitor wishes to give reasons for doubling, redoubling, or for a particular point of play, he should write them on a separate sheet of paper and pin it to his solution and coupon.

5. No other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information, discussions of points of play, suggestions, reports of hands must be sent in a separate envelope.

6. The hands are to be regarded as being played at Double Dummy.

7. Competitors should follow the rules of leading and play laid down by any of the well-known writers on the game. The end to be aimed at is that all four hands should be played as perfectly as possible.

8. Competitors are requested to be as neat as possible in writing out their solutions. We should advise them to set them out in the following formula—

Trick.	Y	B	Z	A
1	♦ J	♦ K	♦ 2	♦ 3
2	♡ A	♡ K	♡ 7	♡ 5
3	♦ 10	♦ A	♦ 5	♦ 7
etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.

underlining the winning card in each trick.

9. Competitors should write the declaration and result of the play of each hand at the *head* of their solutions; thus—
A B win 8 tricks. Y Z 5 tricks.

10. Competitors must comply strictly with the above rules, or they will diminish their chances of success. The Editor's decision will be final in every instance.

The Code of Leads and the Blenheim Club

With regard to the code of leads I gave in the issue of The Bystander of April 20, the Honorary Secretary of the Card Committee of the Blenheim Club writes to me enclosing a card of leads issued to members of that club, and pointing out that it is, with exceptions, very much the same as The Bystander code. I had not seen the card before, but, had I seen it, I should have, at the time, acknowledged the debt which all lovers of the game owe to the Blenheim Club for being the first to compile an excellently simple code, and I make haste to do so now.

N.B.—The Blenheim Club prefers the highest of short suit lead when the fourth hand has doubled no-trumps.

"Problematicus"

"From a Club Window"

The Pressman's Paradise

Things have begun to move in the Far East—always, of course, excepting the Special Correspondents, whose only work consists in forwarding the Russian official accounts. However, the latest regulations allow them to wear a badge. Salved by this honour, they will, no doubt, enjoy their rest cure. They will hear about the war when they return.

Ragging at Oxford

Smiles are being served round over the *Daily Mail's* discovery of "Ragging at Oxford." "It's a way they have in the Army," we all know, and our contemporary made a gallant attempt to prove that "it's a way they have in the 'Varsities." . . . . Their representative found "a handsome young giant, sixteen stone in weight, who had been at the University three years." Their chat was broken by many incidents—the advent of two "typical raggers," a "panting fugitive" pursued by a "howling mob" of raggers, and so forth—but the giant managed to explain. Among the eight causes of ragging laid down, were the following:

Carrying a walking-stick when in cap and gown.
Wearing silk hat.

If ragging only occurs when these habits are found in Oxford there must be precious little of it!

"Hustling Methods!"

The World's Greatest Record-Breaking (etc.) Exhibition at St. Louis was announced as "quite ready for the opening" last week; but it will not be "finished" for two months. The only national exhibits so far in place are those from Great Britain and Japan. "Wake up, Uncle Sam!"

The Tram Impossible

What delightfully Gilbertian humour there is in the semi-official announcement that the traffic in London makes electric trams a "physical impossibility!" Presumably the endless stream of broad, swaying omnibuses, with its horses, is in some way more "possible" than the steady, narrow electric cars. Otherwise, one can only suppose that the buses are not "physical."

More London Perils

Always new dangers of the streets! An evening paper of pink hue has found that the carrying of our bread on open carts is a standing invitation to all microbes, "if microbes happen to be about, there is nothing to prevent their intrusion." (Nothing, that is, except good manners and the law of Mine and Thine!) Meanwhile, a medical weekly has discovered that the shaking of door mats dislodges germs, and scatters "dangerous bacteriological flora" free amongst pedestrians. Oh, these microbes! The marvel is that we contrive to live.

Stranger than Truth

The week's scientific news undoubtedly concerns De Rougemont. This intrepid traveller had his scoffers, though the British Association showed a touching confidence in him. Woe to the mockers now! He cannot, of course, reproduce *all* his adventures before the public—flying wombats are quite scarce in England—but he will do his best. He will mesmerise a lion and an elephant at the Hippodrome: he will also ride turtles ("as per description") in the flooded arena, and, later, at the Crystal Palace. The huge turtles will, at least, be useful. I hope De R. will not be in the soup.

Honour—and Cant

Madame Sarah Grand has raised a creditable little storm by writing the "Ebb of Honour" in the *Daily Chronicle*. She seems to have been worried because nobody now talks of his honour, or discusses honour in the drawing-room. Protests have poured in against this "libel on Man," regarded apparently as a counterblast to *Lovely Woman*. Of course, honour is not ebbing, because we cease to talk of it. We don't "discuss" our Truthfulness or Cleanliness in "fashionable drawing-rooms:" and Madame Grand must know it. If she intended to "draw" people—mainly prigs—she must enjoy her *Chronicle* just now.

Exeter English

The *Times* has been harbouring another squabble, all on account of the Blackmore memorial. Ought one to say, "this window with the tablet *are* a tribute," or "*is* a tribute?" It reminds one of the schoolboy jest: "Would you say six and five *are* ten, or *is* ten?" But deans and bishops have got terribly excited, and have luridly abused anonymity in letters. The *Times*, the Church . . . . *O tempora* . . . ! All this discord about a concord!

Heavy Losses

If the nineteenth century has killed some arts, the twentieth can show advance in that of robbery. The stealing of the Woolwich cannon was an exploit. Last week a bell, weighing two and a half hundredweights, which was to be hung in a new Blackpool church, was stolen from the churchyard. This is an achievement. It remains for somebody to filch the church.

D. C.

By Lock and Weir

For two years in succession we have had no summer worthy of the name, and, naturally, river-folk are anxiously wondering what the next few months have in store for them in the way of weather. April, at any rate, was encouraging, and if the warm days we have so far enjoyed can be taken as any indication of what is to follow, there will not be much ground for complaint. Already the bright sunshine has brought out quite an exceptionally large number of boats for so early in the year, and, judging from the considerable proportion of new ones to be seen, it is obvious that there has been no lack of activity amongst builders. In other directions the same activity is noticeable, bungalows and camping plots are in considerable demand, and the inquiries concerning houseboats and riverside villas show that only good weather is required to ensure a successful river season.

Photo by *Callcott*

Going Over the Rollers at Teddington Lock

Teddington has the reputation of being the busiest lock on the Thames, surpassing even Boulter's and Molesey

The regatta fixtures follow pretty closely the order of previous years. Walton once again preceding Henley on June 18, whilst the Royal Regatta is fixed for July 5 and the two following days. Last year Walton was one of the principal sufferers from the weather, the meeting having to be abandoned altogether on account of the flood. Mr. C. D. Burnell, the Oxford and Leander oarsman, is this year acting as Honorary Secretary to the Walton Committee, and it is to be hoped that he will meet with better luck in this respect than his predecessor.

During the winter months work on the new lock at Teddington has made steady progress, and the opening ceremony has been fixed to take place on Saturday, June 11. It is a popular superstition that either Boulter's or Molesey is the busiest lock on the Thames. As a matter of fact, on an average Saturday or Sunday a larger number of boats pass through Teddington than either of the two named. Teddington has, of course, always had greater accommodation, for, in addition to the old lock and the rollers, there is a small lock capable of taking a couple of punts or two small launches. When the new lock is opened, the old one will be devoted almost entirely to pleasure traffic, which will greatly add to the convenience of the Richmond and Twickenham folk. Some idea of the size of the new lock will be gained when it is explained that it is constructed to take at one time a tug and six barges, and is nearly four times the length of the old lock. In spite of its size, however, the arrangement of sluice gates is so perfect that it can be emptied in five minutes.

Photo by *Callcott*

A Typical Sunday Scene in Teddington Old Lock

Although the new lock, which has been in course of construction all through the winter, is to be opened shortly, the old one will still be used for pleasure boats

About a mile above Teddington are a couple of little islands, in great request amongst picnic parties, and known as Tatham's. Here, almost any Sunday in the summer, is to be seen the venerable figure of

Photo by *Callcott*

The Albany Club House, Seen from Tatham's Island, about a Mile above Teddington

This part of the river is the home of many well-known clubs, among them being the Skiff Club, the Tamesis Sailing Club, and the Royal Canoe Club

Dr. F. J. Furnivall, the distinguished scholar, or perhaps amongst sporting people more readily recognisable as the father of Percy Furnivall, the holder of many bicycle championships and records in the days of the old high bicycle. Dr. Furnivall, who is an old Cambridge Blue, brings a party of young people from his girls' sculling club at Hammersmith up the river with the utmost regularity, and, from the way he works, one might think a pull of a dozen miles in a heavily laden randan was merely gentle exercise.

Opposite Tatham's may be seen, on the Surrey side, the Albany Club with its pretty lawn and fine old elms, and just above is Turk's boat house, the headquarters of the Skiff Club, an organisation—half social, half sporting—formed to encourage racing in skiffs. Just below, on the other bank, is the Tamesis Sailing Club, and still lower down stream are the headquarters of the Royal Canoe Club. Undoubtedly the sporting interest of the Teddington Reach centres in the doings of these two clubs, which arrange races every Saturday, from early spring right into the autumn, with a short interval in the height of the summer. The sailing matches are always watched with a good deal of interest from the towing path, but one doubts whether they contribute to the comfort of the ordinary boating party. It is certainly a little disconcerting when you are working up stream against a stiff breeze to have a dozen boats tacking across stream, and threatening every moment to run you down. Only the other day a lady, who, by her erratic steering, nearly involved herself and her companions in an awkward collision, was heard to remark, in cutting tones, "Why do those sailing-boats keep crossing to and fro; it would be much better if they would go straight up and down."

Some years ago a numerous colony of houseboats was to be found in this reach, moored in front of Trowlock Island, but when this property passed into the hands of its present owners, Mr. E. J. Allcard and Mr. G. Metcalf, these were removed in the interest of the sailing. Since that time bungalows have taken their place, and, thanks to the care which the landlords have exercised in the selection of tenants and the management of the property, the island has become one of the pleasantest camping grounds on the Thames. Considerable ingenuity has been shown in designing many of these bungalows, and though more Spartan campers of the higher reaches may sneer at gas cooking stoves, and other superfluities of civilisation, it must be admitted that they have their advantages. Several plots have changed hands this year, and one or two well-known figures will be missing from the island. Mr. Harrison, whose concerts at "Bohemia" often caused crowds of boats to collect, has bought "The Rest," which he is having rebuilt, and "Kep," the pretty little blue and white building at the lower end, has been sold to Dr. Hatton, whose fine petrol launch, the *Marguerite*, was an object of so much admiration when she was launched late last season.

The backwater between Trowlock and the Middlesex bank is well worth a visit, the lower end especially being very picturesque. Here for a number of years a pair of swans built their nest and hatched their young, but, unfortunately, this year the vigilance of the old birds has been in vain, and the nest has been deserted.

Photo by *Callcott*

Teddington Weir

The entrance to the Lock is just seen on the left of our illustration

Flowering Seakale

In a suitable place, that is to say in the "wilderness" or wild garden, the Flowering Seakale (*Crambe cordifolia*) is a decorative plant, showing its myriads of delicate white blossoms against a background of evergreens. It grows to a height of five feet and flowers in the early summer.

Dundee Rambler

Our illustration on the opposite page shows that favourite old summer-blooming rose the Dundee Rambler in a place admirably adapted to display its beauties. With its masses of warm, white blossoms, it makes a beautiful garden picture in such a position as that shown here. Miss Jekyll has written well about this and other roses of similar habit. One of the best ways of using them, she says, is to leave them to their own way of growth, without any staking or guiding whatever.

Spring Delights

These notes have been written for the last few months from abroad, and now, at the beginning of May, one returns with a pleasant sense of delights to come, to the few acres which express all that one has learnt and hopes to accomplish in a garden. One has missed, or experienced elsewhere, the first thrill of awakening life, which comes every year, perhaps on a still evening of a sunny February day, when the lengthening hours of daylight become a reality, and the long procession of blossom and colour, which will march through the garden for steady months to come, is, after the winter's waiting, at last seen to be under way. One is apt to forget, on that first spring day which has come scouting among the outposts of winter, that winter will still hold the citadel for some weeks to come, and will make her presence felt for some time after that has been captured. But with April there comes a clear outlook towards the "sweet o' the year," and I can imagine no better time to take up garden pleasures and responsibilities again than when the daffodils usher in the long period of fruition, which will last until the latest Michaelmas daisy dies off on some far-off date in November.

Photo by *Newman*

Flowering Seakale

Lessons for the Future

In gardening generally, and particularly in laying out a new garden, one is continually learning lessons, but many of these are apt to be forgotten if they are not noted down at the time they disclose themselves. When a plant or a group of plants is in full bloom is the time that a mistake in its position or method of treatment becomes plain, but it is not the time at which it can be rectified. That will not be for some months yet, and when it comes, there is so much to do, and memory has become dulled, so that the flowering season is apt to come round again and find the original mistake unremedied. The table at which I am writing stands in a southward facing bay window, which overlooks a large part of the garden, and my eyes are constantly raised, on this spring morning of brilliant sun, to the pleasant prospect before me, somewhat to the undue lengthening out of this paper, but not, I hope, to its ultimate detriment. I have at any rate tracked down some principles on the subject of the disposition of spring bulbs which may be of use to my readers. The results of my cogitations might perhaps be given to the world with more profit at the next time of planting, but the freshness of their conviction would be faded even if they were written at all.

Spring Bulbs

I look across rose beds and a spreading lawn to a broad border backed by shrubs. I can see the flowers of perhaps two thousand bulbs

planted last autumn and the autumn before, most of them in the border itself. There are at present only daffodils, tulips, and a few hyacinths. To take the last first and to inculcate lesson number one—it is a mistake to use hyacinths only for formal planting in the Dutch manner. That is one way of using them, and perhaps the best, and it may be conceded that, on close inspection, they do not appear quite at home in informal groupings amongst more freely growing flowers. But from some distance their colour is so striking that it makes amends for that one small drawback a thousand times over. Pinks, whites, and blues: from what other flower will you get such colours at this time of the year—all fresh and intensely spring-like colours, too? Yellow, of course, is supplied by the daffodils, and the mixture of all of them together is a glorious feast of colour. Hyacinths are expensive, and my border at present contains only a few pinks and whites. But I have seen hyacinths in other gardens planted in groups of half a dozen or so, the colours mixed, and I shall hope to see that brilliant effect from this window some day.

Daffodils in the Border

Now for lesson number two. My first planting of tulips and daffodils was done as far as this border was concerned, in bold masses, a hundred or more bulbs to each. Putting aside the foolish mistake of planting each group too closely, which does not so much matter in the first and second years, I am sure that broad masses, which are eminently right in the case of hardy plants, are wrong for spring bulbs, unless, perhaps, the entire space is to be covered with them. Otherwise the groups are merely isolated, for there is nothing, or very little, that has grown up enough to connect them at their time of flowering. Long lines are permissible and effective in a straight border, but in this of mine, the margin of which runs in curves, the best way will be to break up the groups and scatter them over the whole extent, and this is still more to be desired because the beautiful characteristic growth of a daffodil, and to a lesser extent of a tulip, can be seen in a little clump, but is lost in a large one.

—And in the Grass

Lessons three and four are elementary ones, but their importance is brought home to me by the sight of a planting of daffodils under a lime-tree on the edge of the lawn. Keep to one variety in one place; and spread the bulbs well. A good rough rule would be to take them out as far as the branches of the tree extend. A fifth lesson might be added. Break up the circumference of the group, and avoid the appearance of a ring. These last three are all Nature's lessons, too, and are therefore all the more to be insisted on.

Archibald Marshall

Photo by] Arches of Roses: The "Dundee Rambler" in Bloom in a Hertfordshire Garden [*Newman*

Lawn Tennis: Covered Court Championships

The Covered Court Championships (Lawn Tennis) at Queen's Club, which commenced on April 25 and finished on May 2, attracted entries from all the best players. The play was throughout most interesting, more especially in the Challenge Round of the Men's Singles between H. L. Doherty and M. J. G. Ritchie. This was a Titanic struggle, for Ritchie was at the top of his game, but "H. L." was not to be denied, and after an hour and three-quarters of excessively hard work, renewed his right to hold the cup by 3 sets to 2.

R. F. Doherty was prevented from playing through a recent motor-cycle accident, from which he has not yet quite recovered. "H. L." was, therefore, partnered in the Doubles with G. W. Hillyard in the attempt to retain this championship, which he and his big brother have held since 1898. The final against Ritchie and Greville opened well, the first set was taken without difficulty, the second without the loss of a game, then the sting seemed to go from their play; Ritchie, alert and self-possessed as usual, took advantage of this temporary lapse, and well-backed by Greville took the third set, and soon piled up the score in the fourth. In the fifth another change occurred, Doherty's overhead strokes regained their accuracy, and together with Hillyard's severe service, resulted in the gain of a closely contested match.

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Two Fine Players:
Miss Kentish and Mr. M. J. G. Ritchie, her partner in the Mixed Doubles

Miss Douglass, the Ladies' Open Grass Champion, made her first appearance on the wood where her powerful drive, her well-judged back-hand play, and her excellent volleying carried her easily through to the final and championship round, where she met Mrs. Greville, whom she completely outclassed. Miss Clarke, the ex-covered court champion of Wales, was another good player, and was partnered in the Mixed Doubles with Hough.

Mahony, that brilliant veteran, gave a splendid exhibition against Hough in the Singles. He played in the Mixed event with Miss Eastlake Smith, who possesses all the qualifications necessary for the future champion, a pretty service, a good overhead stroke, youth, agility, and a capacity for head as well as hand work. The pair played well against Ritchie and Miss Kentish, who drives at excellent length, but were beaten by B. Hillyard's and Miss Stawell-Brown's excellent combination. In the semi final, against the Grevilles, they took the first set with a rush, the lady receiving much applause for her vigorous play. She not only killed many balls at the net, but her oblique drives were most effective. Hillyard was also putting up a great game, picking up quickly, and placing with much judgment, but subsequently the strain of match play seemed to affect him, and the older and more experienced couple won. Prebble, a hard hitter, partnered by Miss Boothby were unable to withstand Mr. and Mrs. Greville's accurate methods in the final.

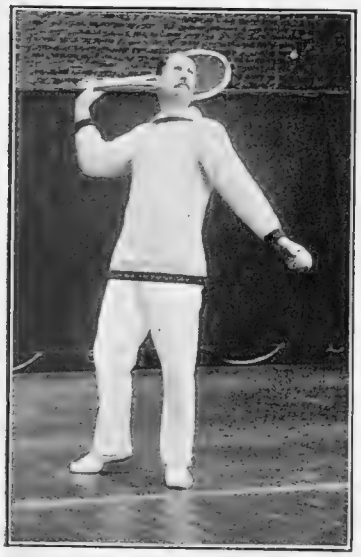
Results

MEN'S SINGLES (Holder, H. L. Doherty). Semi-final: Ritchie beat Mahony, 6—1, 6—4, 6—4. Norris beat Greville, 7—5, 3—6, 7—5, 6—2. Final: Ritchie beat Norris, 6—3, 6—2, 6—2. Challenge Round: Doherty beat Ritchie, 6—2, 8—10, 5—7, 6—4, 6—3.

LADIES' SINGLES (Holder, Miss Toupée Lowther, resigned). Semi-final: Miss D. K. Douglass beat Miss Stawell-Brown, 6—0, 6—4. Mrs. Greville beat Mrs. Winch, 7—5, 4—6, 6—3. Final: Miss Douglass beat Mrs. Greville, 6—2, 6—3.

MEN'S DOUBLES (Holders, R. F. and H. L. Doherty, resigned). Semi-final: H. L. Doherty and G. W. Hillyard beat Gore and Hough, 6—4, 7—5, 4—6, 3—6, 6—4. Ritchie and Greville beat Prebble and A. N. Other, 6—2, 6—3, 6—0. Final: Doherty and Hillyard beat Ritchie and Greville, 6—4, 6—0, 5—7, 3—6, 6—2.

MIXED DOUBLES (Holders, Doherty and Miss Lowther, resigned). Mr. and Mrs. Greville beat B. Hillyard and Miss Stawell-Brown, 3—6, 2—6, 6—1. Prebble and Miss Boothby beat Mahony and Miss Eastlake Smith, 5—7, 6—4, 6—1. Final: Mr. and Mrs. Greville beat Prebble and Miss Boothby, 6—3, 8—6.



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Mr. H. S. Mahony
The "W. G." of Lawn Tennis

Copyright of *"The Bystander"*

Miss D. K. Douglass, the Lady Champion
Who holds both the Grass and Covered Court Championships

RACKETS: THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP AT QUEEN'S CLUB

Mr. Eustace H. Miles (Marlborough and Cambridge)

Mr. E. M. Baerlein (Eton and Cambridge)

THE WINNERS OF THIS YEAR'S AMATEUR DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP

Mr. B. S. Foster (Malvern)

Mr. H. K. Foster (Malvern and Oxford)

THE BROTHERS FOSTER WERE BEATEN BY BAERLEIN AND MILES BY 4 GAMES TO 2

PROSPECTS OF THE POLO SEASON

Progress of Polo in the Provinces

The prospects of the season now opening are of the brightest, and from all quarters of England and Ireland exceptionally favourable reports are to hand. There are over sixty polo clubs in various parts of the United Kingdom, including one Scottish club, at Edinburgh, and one club in Wales, which was started last year at Cardiff. In addition to the three big London clubs, Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and Roehampton, and that at the Crystal Palace, there are some thirty-eight clubs in Great Britain (including the two University clubs at Oxford and Cambridge), which are admissible to membership of the County Polo Association, and twenty-four of this number are actually affiliated to that body. As was only to be expected from that veteran player, the late Mr. John Hetherington, who met with a fatal polo accident last summer.

Polo in the Services

Besides the various regimental polo clubs—practically every cavalry regiment has one, and so have a few foot regiments—who play on the private garrison grounds where they happen to be stationed, there are one or two Service clubs with permanent grounds, notably the Brigade of Guards, who bought the ground at Southfields when the Wimbledon Park Polo Club was dissolved in 1900, and now play there regularly. The officers of the Household Cavalry, stationed for the time being at Windsor —the Royal Horse Guards have just been moved there—play on a full-sized boarded ground of their

Opening of the Polo Season at Hurlingham: "A" Team Taking the Ball up the Field

"A" team, consisting of the Earl of Harrington, Captain Godfrey Heseltine, Mr. F. Jay Mackey, and Captain W. Gordon Renton (back), defeated "B" team easily by eight goals to three. The latter team comprised Mr. Bernard Wilson, Mr. R. Grenfell, Major F. Egerton Green, and Mr. T. B. Drybrough (back)

sporting county, the game has taken very strong root in Yorkshire, which boasts of no fewer than half-a-dozen prosperous clubs. Polo has also become firmly established in the Midlands and the west country, and I hear that an attempt is being made this year to start a new Northamptonshire club in the neighbourhood of Brackley, and to revive the Four Shire Club at Moreton-in-the-Marsh, which owes its name to the "Four Shire Stone," a well-known local landmark, from which a view can be obtained of the counties of Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire, Warwickshire, and Worcestershire. Although technically "county," Kingsbury (Middlesex), Eden Park (Kent), and Worcester Park (Surrey) are all practically metropolitan clubs, and so was Cricklewood, which drops out this year through lack of playing members. The last-named club owed a great deal to that own at Datchet; and the Royal Artillery (Woolwich) have for years played on a ground lent them by Sir Spencer Maryon Wilson in his park at Charlton. Then officers quartered (or attached) in the Aldershot command have a club: part of the cost of their two fine boarded grounds on the Queen's Parade was defrayed by the proceeds of the novel one-day Aldershot Cup tournament at Ranelagh last year. Polo is also played on Salisbury Plain, and although civilians are admissible to membership, it is to all intents and purposes a soldier club, used by the Royal Artillery at Bulford, and by the various regiments who come there during manœuvres. The only two clubs on the south coast—for want of players caused the extinction of the Eastbourne Polo Club some two or three years ago—which are at Plymouth and Portsmouth, are also mainly supported

Polo at Hurlingham: A Run by Captain Heseltine

by officers of the Navy and Army. The 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade, a strong polo corps, helped to revive polo at Portsmouth last year, the game having lapsed during the war, but the Battalion has now gone to Malta. By the way, news is just to hand by cable of the annual polo match at Malta between the Navy and the Army, which resulted in a win for the sailors. The King, it will be remembered, witnessed the match last year, which the senior Service also won.

The Irish Clubs

The game was introduced into Ireland in the early seventies, when among the players in the first match on record were Mr. John Watson, M.F.H., and his father, Mr. Robert Watson, who has just retired from the Mastership of the Carlow and Island, after having ruled over that pack for practically sixty years, and Mr. Steuart Duckett, who is still honorary secretary of the County Carlow Polo Club, and also of the Irish County Polo Club Union. Besides the All-Ireland Club at Dublin, which is the headquarters of polo in Ireland, there are fifteen county clubs, all prospering, with the possible exception of County Fermanagh, the first winners outright of the Irish County Cup—in 1902. This club used to have a number of soldier players, but has of late years been very short of playing members owing to the removal of headquarters from Enniskillen to Londonderry. The second annual contest between England and Ireland for the new International Challenge Cup, at present held by England, is to be played this year at Hurlingham. If Ireland sends a really representative team, it ought to prove an interesting addition to the Hurlingham programme. The match is to be played on Saturday, July 2.

Continental Polo

The German Polo season began in March, when the new Frankfort Polo Club held their opening tournament. This club, which was started last year, has at present a rather small ground on the racecourse, but in August they hope to inaugurate their fine new ground, which, together with a pavilion, cost about £5,000. The Hamburg Polo Club has been so successfully run by Mr. Hasperg, jun., that the members now have three grounds to play on. There is to be a big polo tournament in connection with the St. Louis Exhibition this summer, and the Hamburg Polo Club are, it is said, going to send over a team, with their ponies. I learn that a new club has been founded at Hanover by Messrs. Spiegelberg and H. Hasperg, jun., which is mostly patronised by the officers of the King's "Uhlanen" (13th Lancers).

L. V. L. S.

Polo at Hurlingham: In Front of the "A" Goal

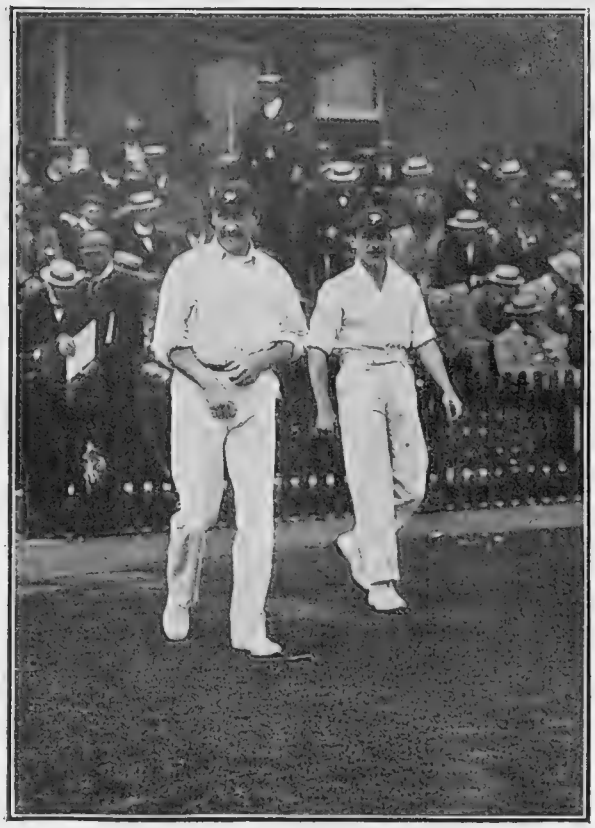

Photo by *Bowden*

Lord Hawke and T. L. Taylor taking the Field

The Yorkshire Captain scored 37 in the "time-limit" match against Notts.

Photo by *Russell*

"W. G." at the Wickets

The veteran opened his season auspiciously with 52 runs against Surrey

TWO VETERAN CAPTAINS OF CRICKET

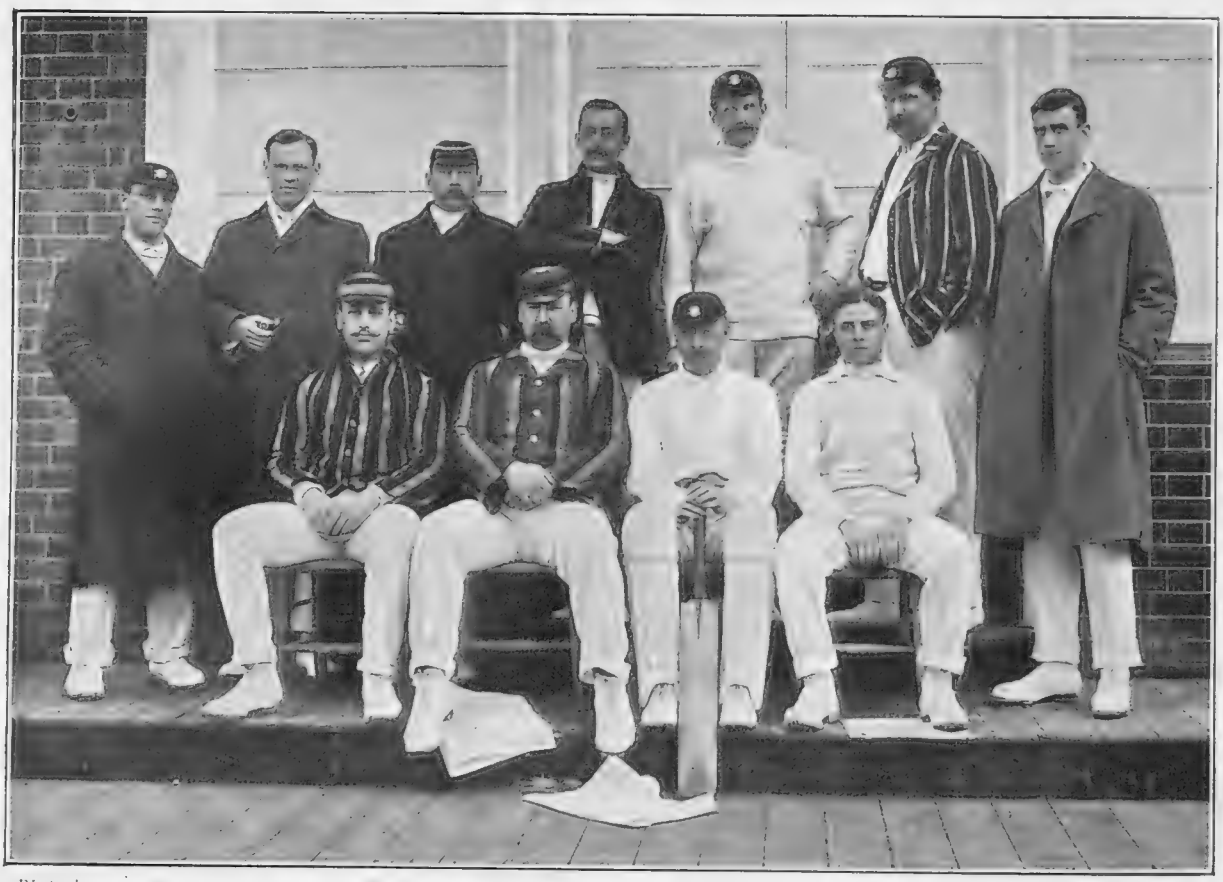

Photo by *Russell*

The Surrey XI.: Defeated at the Crystal Palace by London County by an Innings and 51 Runs

STANDING (reading from left to right): Strudwick, Lees, Lockwood, Hayes, Holland, Richardson, Jackson
SITTING: Lord Dalmeny, K. J. Key, Abel, Moulder

THE OPENING OF THE CRICKET SEASON

The Connoisseur

The Glyptic Art

Although the production of modern jewellery has improved greatly under the fostering care of many well-known members of the "Arts and Crafts" much still remains to be effected. More especially is this the case in regard to the most valuable classes of personal ornament. In all times royal gifts have shown the trend of popular taste, and should therefore be noticed by those whose interest lies in æsthetic movements.

Modern Jewels

Some years ago, on the marriage of the present Princess of Wales showers "of rubies, sapphires and pearles white," in Chaucer's phrase, were rained upon the lady, and yet, notwithstanding the high quality of these precious stones, the decorative result was extremely poor, the setting meagre and uninspired, the whole effect one of ostentation without art. The aristocracy and the citizens of what has been called the greatest Empire of the world—from Indus to the Pole—would do honour to one of their leaders, in no parsimonious spirit, and the highest result obtained is a load of jewels of almost inestimable intrinsic value, but of no artistic merit. To the connoisseur and to the sociologist alike, this is a painful revelation. The work of the lapidary or the polisher of the facets of a precious stone cannot justly be called an art and it is unworthy of the material. The one style of human ingenuity that is, it seems to us, consistent with the beauty of the finest emerald or the deepest and bluest sapphire that the earth has given up, is that art of gem carving practised ages ago with so admirable a skill in Egypt, and again in the great days of the Greeks, Etruscans, and Romans, and again during the Renaissance.

Head of Medusa. Graeco-Roman Cameo, Cut in Amethyst
Probably one of a pair of Phaleræ. Now in the Gold Room of the British Museum

Cinquecento Cameo of the Emperor Caracalla
In white Cornelian, with frame of precious stones

Cameos

The three principal varieties of carven gems are, of course, scarabs, with a sunken design on one side and a design in relief on the other; intaglios, with a sunken design only; and cameos, decoratively speaking, by far the most valuable, with a design in higher or lower relief. Strictly speaking, the cameo means a carven design in relief and standing out on a background of the same stone, but of a different and usually darker colour, but the name is justly used also to denote the even finer examples which are cut in the hardest and most brilliant stones, emeralds, sapphires, and so forth. Mr. Cyril Davenport has given a qualified, but admirable definition of a cameo; a small sculpture, executed in low relief, on some substance, precious either for its beauty, rarity, or hardness. For those who care to study the glyptic art during the rich period of the seventh century, B.C. to the third or fourth century, A.D., the Gold Room at the British Museum will give no small pleasure and information. The earliest examples of engraving there collected are in intaglio; the carving is primitive, the designs representing fish, plants, animals, and fantastics, such as the Chimæra, and the Gryphon, occasionally forms, half human, half animal, and a minority of human figures. The next stage of this art is displayed in the scarabs. These designs are often Egyptian and Assyrian, as well as those derived from Greek art, and executed, it is supposed, in Etruria. The art was continued in the form of intaglios and cameos, and from time to

Portrait of Lucius Verus. Sixteenth Century Italian Cameo Cut on Dark Onyx
Now in the Gold Room of the British Museum

time a passion for the collection of whatever was antique in this style has arisen.

The Vogue of the Carven Gem

We could wish that some more definite recrudescence of this desire might now occur, and our beautiful women once more be adorned with jewels that possess the impress of the artist as well as the *cachet* of capital. There is, indeed, just a chance that we are on the eve of a revival of the vogue of the carven gem. In a published list of presents sent not long since to Princess Alice of Albany we saw, with pleasure, that a cameo set in carbuncles was mentioned, and if this chance to be a fine jewel and not a shell cameo of a bad period, it will doubtless do much to help on the cult. Of course, to many ears the word cameo simply means the particular kind of carven shell which was greatly produced during the middle of the last century. Although this was occasionally a work of art, it was far more often merely a clumsy and facile reproduction of some classic subject on an easily manipulated surface. This early Victorian work, which was immensely popular with the uninformed, and later as greatly disliked, is as the Poles apart from the historic cameo, which may be as beautiful and distinguished as the carven sapphire, such as the Ram's head mentioned in an interesting story by Mr. W. W. Astor, or the immaculate "Medusa," in iridescent amethyst, in the Gold Room of the British Museum, or, more usually, in the portrait of one of the great ones of classic times carven in stone composed of layers of different colours, such as the onyx or sard. To be candid, the camera does not reproduce the beauties of the cameo, or even approach the expression of it. After our dithyrambus it is disappointing to turn to our illustration and see, not the gorgeous colouring of the amethyst, or the superb surface of the "Medusa," but merely the black and grey design of the Gorgon's head. But it is hoped it may send the reader to look upon the head itself, now wrought in so exquisite a variety of stone — after having been so long supposed to turn all those who looked upon it into that unsympathetic material.

Onyx Cameo of the Head of Omphale with Lion's Skin
From the Pouvert de la Chapelle Collection, now on view at Messrs. Spinks, Piccadilly

One of the most successful photographs we have seen of a cameo is that of the portrait of Lucius Verus, splendidly carven in several of the lighter strata of a dark onyx. This delicate and beautiful piece of sixteenth century Italian work is of great historic interest, the characteristics of the man being clearly shown, and the distinction of the cutting being above dispute.

The Ideal Pendant

Such a gem, so set, is our ideal of the best that the hands of the artists can produce as an adornment for the neck of Nature's greatest work. Of equal or greater interest, and of less beauty, is the Emperor Caracalla, in white cornelia mounted in a frame of diamonds, peridots and red corundum. This fine example of cinquecento work is from the collection of Messrs. Spinks, of Piccadilly, who have been particularly fortunate of later years in their discovery of early cameos and renaissance work The head of Omphale, which is from the same fine gallery, was purchased from the Pouvert de la Chapelle collection, and it is probably sixteenth century work.

E. M.

(To be continued.)

THE SNAKE IN THE BOUDOIR

A weekly paper states that snakes make most interesting pets.

You ask after Pussy? Poor dear! She's no more.
Her mew has been silenced for ever.
And Fido's as dead as a nail in the door,
I wept when I found we must sever.
The canary has gone, and, deprived of its strains,
The world will seem darker and drearier.
Ah me! How I wept o'er those mortal remains
That repose in my cobra's interior.

Yes, snakes, as you say, are the right things to keep;
They've such quaint and original habits.
I find that a cobra is passably cheap
Because it's contented with rabbits.
Dear Jane had a dear boa-constrictor which slept
In the coach-house adjoining her stables.
It was perfectly sweet, but it couldn't be kept
After eating that Arab of Mabel's.

Then one learns such a lot. Why, old General Blake
Was a man of gigantic proportions,
And I dreamt not, until he was stung by my snake,
That he *could* make such fearful contortions.
We'd a terrible fuss with those fools the police,
And the Coroner's words made me shiver.
But they say that 'twas really a happy release,
For he suffered so much from his liver.

The servants don't like it, I'm sorry to say.
My cook has just given me warning,
The butler informs me he really can't stay,
And two footmen are leaving this morning.
They say he's a terror and gives them the jumps;
I call him my sweet little fairy.
Oh! don't be absurd, dear. *Of course*, it's not mumps:
That lump in his throat's the canary!

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The merits of

THE "DEGE" LEGGING

are too well known to need comment.

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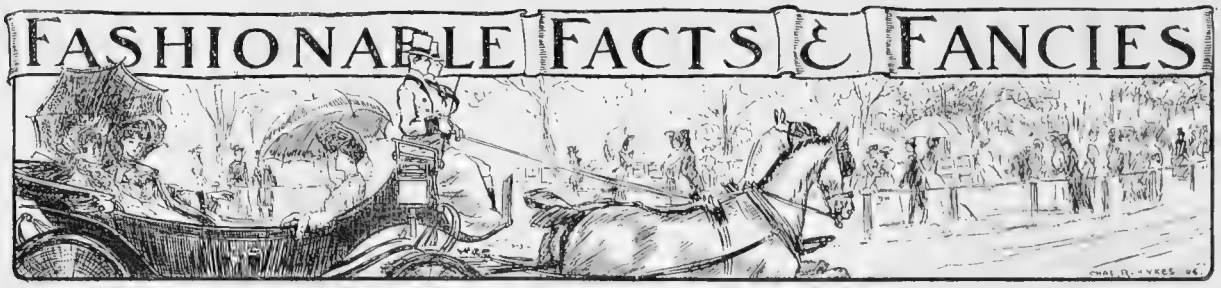
FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES



By Mrs. JACK MAY

"What came we out for to see?" pleaded Ambrosine, after half an hour's wrestling with humanity at the Academy Private View. "Pictures or people?"

It was her first experience, so a little natural bewilderment, not to say irritation, was pardonable. But my answer, that it was neither of these two, but clothes, immediately cleared the atmosphere; that is, mentally; physically, it was insupportable throughout the afternoon. In so great a crush it was impossible to do more than collect general impressions, such as here a *craie* white gown, worn with a picture brown hat, trimmed chiné brocade ribbon and "Marron" roses; and there a black taffetas, bearing a plethora of ruches, and quaint wired-out sleeves. We gathered, however, that the pelerine stole was ubiquitous, in ruched taffetas, taffetas and lace, marabout and gauged mousseline de soie, and chiné mousseline and lace. Among the elect, these old-world capelets appear to have quite replaced the marabout stoles, for all representative functions, such as this private view; although the latter are safe to continue their serviceable course for more general occasions, while there can be no two opinions as to the comfort and practicability of the marabout, now it has been so ordered as to be untwistable.

The Safe Conduct of the Black Gown

Never, in the whole course of an ardent modistic career, can I recall so insistent a clinging during the later spring months to the black cloth costume. Whatever else an inadequate banking account demands that we shall lack, most assuredly it must not be the smart *sable* suit.

Rumour has it, we shall go right through the summer with the *souple* black cloth as the stand-by possession, discreetly relieved by a soupçon of colour in the shape of coloured leather belts, flower toques, gilets, etc.

I have a particular affection for a face cloth trimmed with that coarsely plaited black silk braid, and worn with a toque of shaded pink geraniums and leaves, and a draped leather belt of the same delicate nuance in the deepest tone. The alliance of black and pink is quite a refreshing change for day wear. Moreover, as Ambrosine reminds me, it was one we met the other day, delightfully exemplified at that admirably comprehensive establishment of Charles Lee and Sons, 100, Wigmore Street.

The skirt, for example, proclaimed the last virtue, being only slightly gathered about the hips, and bearing deep cross way folds, placed at wide intervals apart; this surmounted by the very neatest, simplest coatee, chiefly long-shouldered yoke, and deep shaped ceinture, the most becoming fulness occurring between these two, and the whole outlined everywhere by narrow hems of geranium pink velvet, scrolled over with the tiniest white silk cord. The sleeves, full gathered at the top, dropped into wide cuffs and plissé chiffon frills.

We also noted, somewhat similar in style, a grey wool mixture, treated charmingly with black tubular braid worked up into

A Blouse in Mousseline Lawn, Trimmed with Effective Medallions of White Broderie Anglaise

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Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

those decorative wheels or "macarons," and the sleeves bearing deep double ruffles of smoke grey chiffon. And it was while discussing the merits of the last model that we learned with infinite pleasure how Messrs. Lee propose to work entirely with British made materials, more particularly those produced by the famed manufacturers, Priestley.

More About Charles Lee and Sons

In or about the time these words appear in print, those fine new windows at 100, Wigmore Street, will be filled for the space of a few days with models exclusively composed of Priestley fabrics, and from what we have seen and known of this event, we are sure it will be worth every woman's while to take a stroll that way. Nor have we the very slightest hesitation in saying that for the genuinely representative little tailor costume of the moment Charles Lee cannot be surpassed. He has wisely secured the services of a tailor of repute—one who cannot alone cut and fit, but who gives evidence of the very nicest individual taste; so that in dealing here everyone will have the inestimable comfort of knowing that they will not be cajoled into accepting a model previously sold to a dozen other women, all totally at variance in style, and all equally bravely endeavouring to fit their own peculiar personalities to the crime. For crime it is—no less—to let any woman, without protest at least, settle on a mode hopelessly out of sympathy with herself and her surroundings.

All of which, according to Ambrosine, is a quite unnecessary harangue. But my colleague is impatient to discuss the constructive parts of those two pictured blouses, which were the direct cause of our visit to 100, Wigmore Street.

The more elaborate of the two is a dressy, afternoon or demi-toilette affair of delicate salmon-pink "Merv" allied to a coarse Araby lace, and treated to much fine gauging and delicate thorn stitching in shaded pink silks. And the other is a single specimen out of a plethora of choice, obtaining in the fashionable white lawn slips of the summer. This specialised model tells its story in mousseline lawn, much tucked and trimmed with effective medallions of white Broderie Anglaise, and declares itself a wholly desirable possession in every way.

And since our one desire is to be of real service to those kind enough to follow us in this column every week, we are urged to add that the prices of the embroidered lawn slips vary from 30*s.* upwards, while the simple embroidered linen shirts, all exclusive models, and especially embroidered, commence at 14*s.* 11*d*, a good average being struck at 21*s.* or thereabouts. It is, to speak frankly, quite open to doubt with us whether anyone is likely to surpass Charles Lee, this season at least, in his running supply of these embroidered linen slips. And he has this large pull over many of his confrères in that, all models being made on the premises, the slightest demand for alteration, to suit individual needs, is always readily acceded to.

Amazing Millinery Modes

The cry is, still they come, these wondrous toques and hats, each one more original than the last, more unexpected, and carrying some more than ever surprising detail. To fret away a short fashionable hour, the sweeping Paradise plume has usurped a first place in millinery affections; this, in its natural tints, shading up to orange, supplying the finishing touch to the straight wide-brimmed picture hat of brown straw it is decreed shall reign supreme. For it is becoming an old story now, how the brown picture chapeau has mercifully come to break the monotony of its black prototype, which it rivals most successfully in the matter of adaptability. A brown hat is seldom out of harmony, and looks especially well surmounting a smart black frock, the brown in this case, preferably of a café au lait tint, shading up to the approved soft orange.

A Demi-Toilette Blouse of Salmon-Pink "Merv" with Delicate Thorn Stitching in Shaded Pink Silks

Of our intimate acquaintance is a model after this *genre*, the high crown swathed with tulle, which repeats the gradations of brown and orange tones forming the mount of the lovely waving Paradise plume. But you may take it from us, as most worthy truth, that the brown chapeau can do no wrong.

The Empress Eugénie Toque

And yet another supreme novelty, that warrants no delay in its introduction, is a shape yclept the Empress Eugénie. Through the direct and exclusive intervention of a representative milliner over here, this model appeared simultaneously in Paris and London, an event so unique it assuredly deserved to be chronicled.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 23.—Vol. II. Wednesday, May 11, 1904. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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KENT (near the coast, 500 ft. above sea level).—To be LET, Furnished, or SOLD, the above beautiful Old English MANOR HOUSE, standing in midst of beautiful estate of 4,400 acres, approached by a carriage drive, containing: Billiard, 6 reception, 23 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 15; old park, pleasure grounds; kitchen gardens; charming old church in grounds; hunting, golf.—GILLOWS have inspected and recommend. (12,088)

BANKS OF THE THAMES (overlooking Boulters Lock).—To be SOLD, 14 years' Lease of an attractive RESIDENCE, in secluded grounds of 2 acres, containing: Billiard and 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, electric light, telephone; stabling for 3; cottage.—Further details and photos of GILLOWS, who have inspected. (12,010)

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BURY ST. EDMUNDS.—To be SOLD, a well arranged FARM of 370 acres, fine site for MANSION, 2½ miles from a station. Farm house accommodation: 4 reception, 9 bedrooms; good outbuildings, 5 cottages. Price £6,500. (12,179)

LOVELY DORKING DISTRICT.—To be SOLD an old-fashioned GABLED RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), stabling 1½ acres. Price £3,000, or would be let Unfurnished. GILLOWS. (12,133)

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LANCASTER GATE.—To be SOLD, the long LEASE of one of the best of these magnificent MANSIONS, fitted with all modern improvements, new drainage, etc. Accommodation: 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 6 very fine reception rooms, and stabling for 4 horses.—For further details, apply GILLOWS, as above. (40,016)

COMMANDING BEAUTIFUL VIEWS.

FREEHOLD.—Hyde Park (facing South). Stone-built MANSION, replete with every possible convenience, passenger and service lifts, telephone, electric light, etc., for SALE at a very moderate price: 14 bed and dressing rooms, 5 baths, 5 reception rooms, billiard room. Stabling can be had if required. Apply GILLOWS. (40,019)

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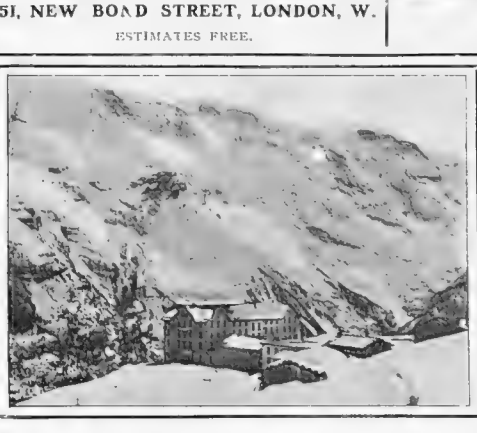

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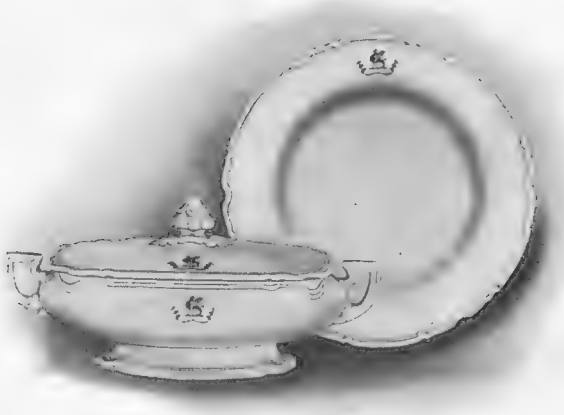

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Well! The Empress Eugénie toque may best be described as a torpedo-shaped sailor, with an excess of crown and an incidental brim that carries for its chief decorative figure, a long draped veil of Chantilly lace, always in harmony with the straw, and stitched with lines of the baby-ribbon velvet, while at the left side, beneath the veil, there is disposed a semi-wreath of roses, packed closely together without foliage. Now, we are prepared to hazard a small conjecture in respect of this mode, to the effect that, in a very short space of time, we shall be exploiting the Empress Eugénie, minus its veil.

A still, small, but insistent voice of protest is being raised against that *arrière* appendage, some feeling having arisen against it as an adjunct of elegance. Possibly, the easiness with which it lends itself to cheap plagiarism has something to do with the speedy decline, for decline there is, certain and positive—though who knows but that a revival may come about, later in the season, under totally unexpected auspices?

The Menu

LOBSTER AU GRATIN

My readers will probably know this excellent dish, which, whether served at breakfast, luncheon, or as an entrée at dinner, is equally certain to be thoroughly appreciated, but, as they may not be equally fortunate as regards the recipe, I will give the following directions: Melt ½oz. of butter in a stewpan, throw in a teaspoonful of minced onion or shallot; when slightly browned stir in 1oz. of flour, mix thoroughly, then add about three gills of milk; stir over the fire, and, when it has boiled six or seven minutes, drop in the lobster cut into small slices, add pepper, salt, cayenne, according to taste, and one anchovy minced finely. Stir the mixture over the fire till it boils; add the beaten yolk of one egg, pour the mixture into the lobster shells, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, chopped parsley, and tiny lumps of butter; place in the oven for about fifteen to twenty minutes to brown, arrange on a folded serviette, and garnish with fresh parsley.

LOBSTER CURRY.

Fry one good-sized onion, sliced, in 1oz. of butter; add 1oz. of curry powder; stir in half a pint of good stock and half a pint of water; boil until it thickens; add the meat of one lobster cut into slices; stir round; turn into a very hot pie dish, cover closely, and bake for three-quarters to one hour. Arrange a border of boiled rice round a hot dish, pour the curry into the centre, squeeze the juice of half a lemon over it, and serve immediately.

SWEETBREADS WITH OYSTERS

Prepare and blanch four heart sweetbreads; quarter them and put them in a stewpan with a little white stock and the strained liquor of two dozen oysters. Some mignonette, pepper, salt and nutmeg to taste. Put 2oz. of butter into a stewpan, stir and thicken it with flour. When the sweetbreads are stewed enough, add the gravy; then after a few minutes add the oysters; stew till the oysters are heated through and plumped, but it must not boil or the oysters will harden. Just before serving, add a wineglassful of cream. The sweetbreads are sometimes larded with strips of truffles.

ASPARAGUS OMELET (OMELETTE AUX POINTS D'ASPERGES)

Boil about twenty-five heads of asparagus, and cut the green ends when tender into short pieces. Mix with them four well-beaten eggs, adding a little pepper and salt. Melt an ounce of butter (or perhaps rather more) in an omelet pan, pour in the mixture, stir till it thickens over the fire, fold it nicely over. Clarified butter may be served with it, into which a few drops of vinegar have been poured.

TOMATO SALAD À LA DUCHESS OF FIFE

Chop up some tomatoes quite small, flavour them with a bead of garlic or a shallot chopped and rubbed through a sieve, which mix in with the tomatoes; add four teaspoonfuls of whipped aspic jelly, and mix into the purée the same quantity of mayonnaise sauce. Decorate a mould with hard-boiled eggs stamped out in fancy rounds and stars, and arrange them in tiers one above the other. Between each layer of egg place a leaf of chervil and a sprig of tarragon alternately. Fill the mould with the tomato purée, place on ice, and when ready, turn out. Garnish with small salad mixed with mayonnaise sauce round the base, arrange watercress prettily on the top, and sprinkle chopped aspic all over it.

EMILIA.

Photo by] **"Of sugar and spice and all that's nice . . ."** [*Newman*

Our illustration shows an exhibition of the work done by the members of the Hertfordshire County Council Cookery Classes. All the articles were made at home by the pupils without assistance, and the result speaks well for the utility of the classes

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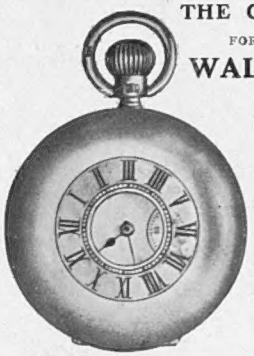

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Our Coloured Supplement.

Our Supplement this week, entitled "A Squire Trap, by Jove!" is the third of a series of reproductions from valuable old sporting prints. The other two, entitled "A Twenty-seven Foot Jump" and "The Night Post," were presented with the issues of April 6 and April 27 respectively, which may be obtained on application to the Publisher, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, London, E.C.

The Polo Annual

We have received "The Polo Annual" (price 1*s.*) for 1904. This handy little volume contains every possible item of information for votaries of the game, from rules and bye-laws, to details of the principal tournaments. It is edited by L. V. L. Simmonds whose articles on the sport have earned him a foremost place among authorities.

The House of Broadwood

The extensive premises of Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons, Ltd., in Conduit Street, were opened under the pleasant auspices of a dinner attended by many distinguished figures in the world of music. Sir Frederic Bridge, proposing "The House of Broadwood," said he had no doubt that the same great connection would bind itself round Messrs. Broadwood in the new premises as in the old—a sentiment which was vociferously applauded by his hearers.

The New Savoy

At the recent opening of the new Savoy, one of the most admired features was the beautiful entrance hall, panelled with Spanish mahogany and supported by square piers of marble. The woodwork has been entrusted to Messrs. Gillow and Co. Around runs a frieze of sculptured plaster by Mr. Bertram Pegram, representing an "Idyll of the Golden Age"—a notably fine piece of modern work.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NOVELS

"The Yeoman." By Charles Kennett Burrow. (John Lane.) 6*s.*

"A Woman's Tragedy." By Lawrence L. Lynch. (Ward, Lock.) 3*s.* 6*d.*

"Sir Mortimer." By Mary Johnston. (Constable.) 6*s.*

"The Lady and the Burglar." By Edgar Turner. (Ward, Lock.) 6*s.*

MISCELLANEOUS

"Yorkshire Coast and Moorland Scenes." Painted and described by Gordon Home. (A. and C. Black.) 7*s.* 6*d.*

"Pocket Guide to Normandy." By C. B. Black. With maps, illustrations and plans for towns, etc. (A. and C. Black.) 2*s.* 6*d.*

"Pianoforte Tone Production." By Tobias Matthay. (Longmans.) 7*s.* 6*d.*

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SEE PAGE 648, AND THEN CUT OUT THIS COUPON

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THE LADY IN SABLES. By G. W. APPLETON, Author of "Rash Conclusions."

THE PERIL OF AN EMPIRE. By R. JOHNSTON. An international intrigue furnishes a striking background to the novel—which is, indeed, full of dramatic interest.

RANDAL OF RANDALHOLME: A Tyneside Tragedy. By AUSTIN CLARE, Author of "By the Rise of the River." "A Masterly Novel."—*Outlook.*

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THE MONEY-MAKER. By GEORGES OHNET, Author of "The Ironmaster." Translated by F. ROTHWELL. "A fine story. . . A powerful piece of tragedy."—*Vanity Fair.*

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